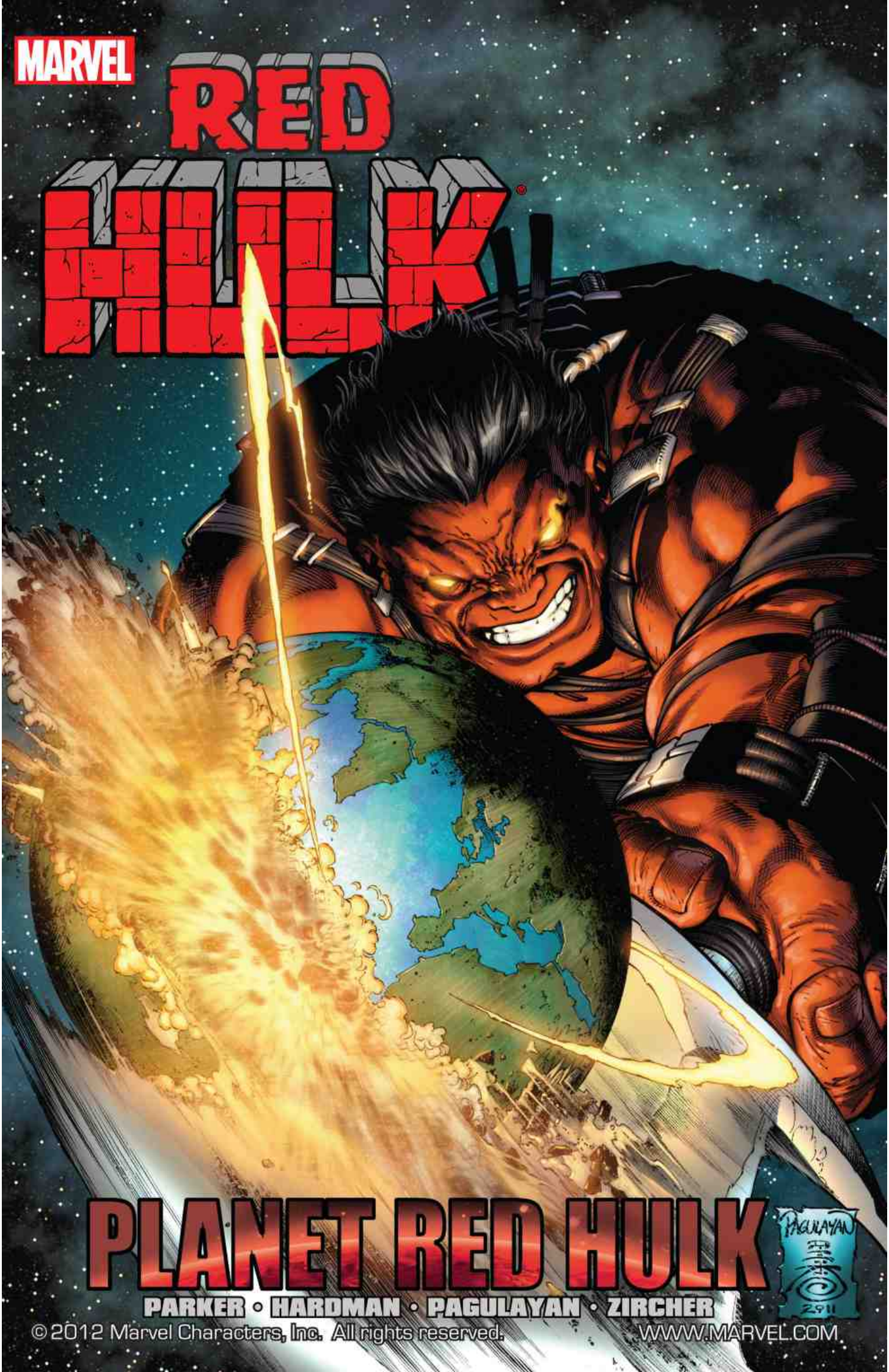

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ON EARTH, A MONSTER; IN SPACE, A KING!

For years, General Thunderbolt Ross chased the Hulk across the planet, hoping to capture and defeat the Jade Giant. Now, Ross himself is a gamma-irradiated force of nature, and a new enemy has emerged to fill the general's Army boots. His name is Fortean. His mission: to enact vengeance on the beast that took the life of Thunderbolt Ross. Little does he know that the beast and the man are one and the same! Prepare for the birth of the next great Hulk villain!

Then, Commander Steve Rogers has a new mission for Red Hulk, in outer space! But the rescue mission goes wrong, and Big Red finds himself pulled into an alien planetary system at war. Epic monster battles! Brazen warrior women! Space intrigue! And King Red Hulk?! Is it cosmic déjà vu, or are there other hands at work?

Plus: a mysterious group has plans for their newly adopted champion: Rick Jones, the A-Bomb!

Collecting *Hulk* #30.1, #31-36 and material from *Hulk* #30 – written by Jeff Parker; and illustrated by Gabriel Hardman, Carlo Pagulayan, Patch Zircher and Tim Seeley.

T+

MARVEL

MARVEL

RED HULK

PLANET RED HULK

PARKER • HARDMAN • PAGULAYAN • ZIRCHER

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MARVEL 1
30.1
PARKER
HARDMAN
PALMER
CHARLAMPADIS
HULK
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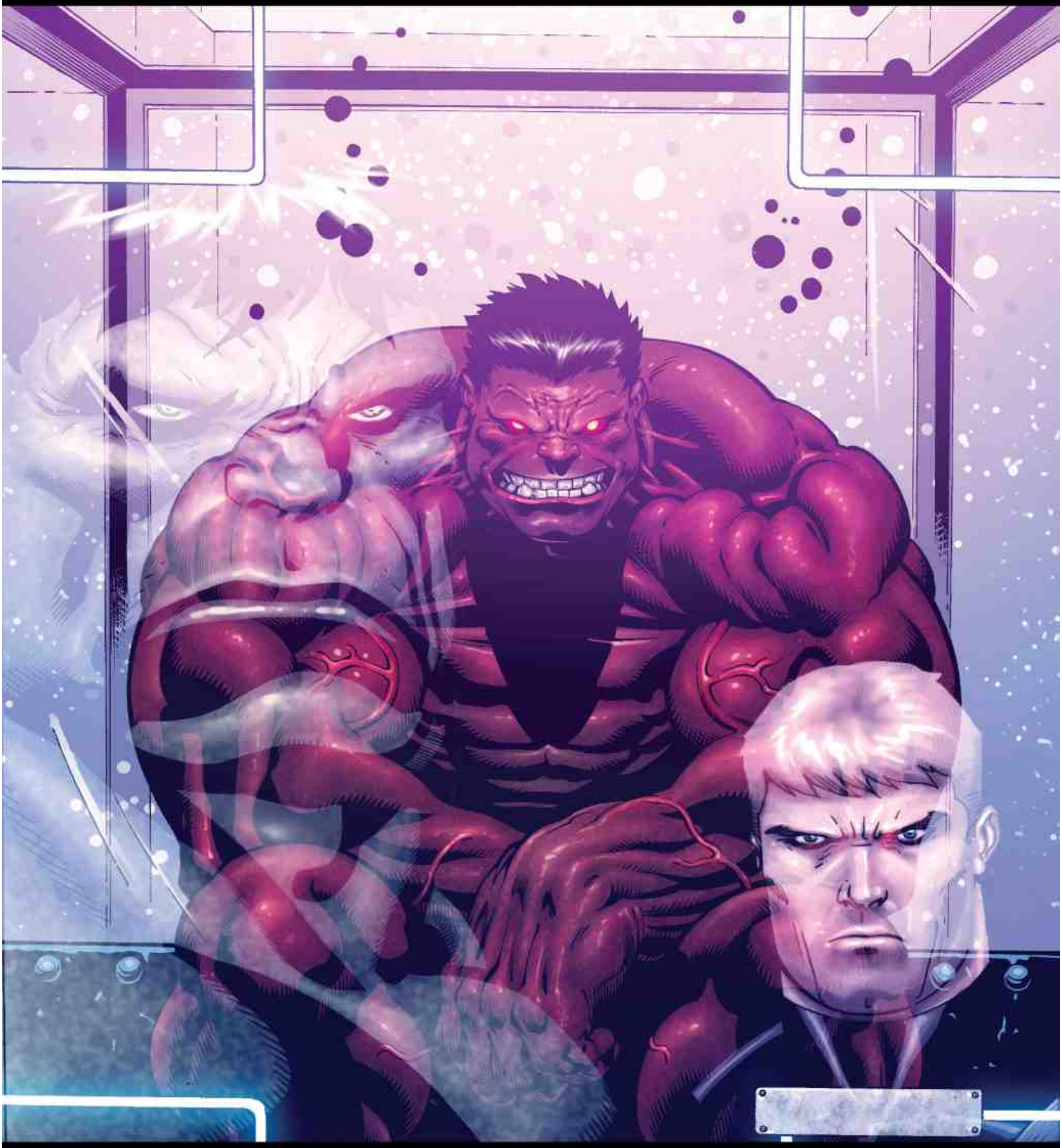
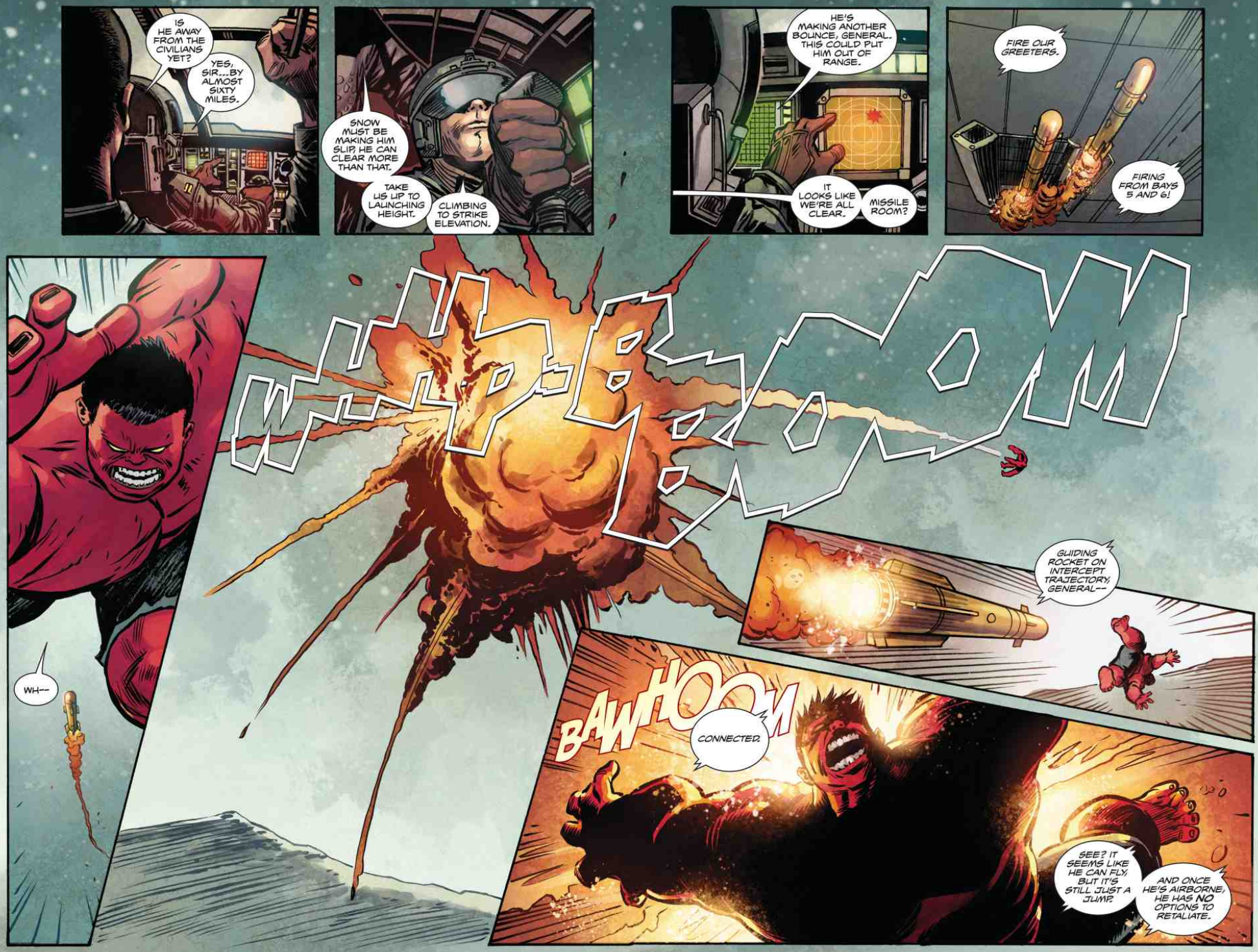
GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS WAS DETERMINED TO RID THE WORLD OF THE HULK AT ANY COST. HIS RELENTLESS DRIVE TO DO SO ULTIMATELY LED HIM TO BECOME WHAT HE HATED MOST: A HULK. ROSS FAKED HIS OWN DEATH AND USED HIS RED HULK PERSONA TO EXECUTE AN INCREASINGLY MISGUIDED QUEST TO CORRECT A WORLD HE SAW AS SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL, WHICH CULMINATED IN HIS CAPTURE AS HE ATTACKED THE WHITE HOUSE.



DESPITE THIS, THE RED HULK WAS ENLISTED BY STEVE ROGERS ON THE RECOMMENDATION OF BRUCE BANNER, THE MAN WHO ROSS ONCE HUNTED, TO OPERATE UNDER BANNER'S GUIDANCE AND UTILIZE HIS INCREDIBLE POWER FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND... SO LONG AS THE FORMER GENERAL LEARNS HOW TO OBEY ORDERS.

ASPEN, COLORADO.
WHAT IF THIS CABLE SNAPPED RIGHT NOW?!
YOU KEEP SAYING YOU CAN JUMP THE HALF-PIPE, YOU'D BE FINE, RIGHT?
THEN JUST AIM YOUR SKIS DOWN, GET INTO--
WHAT?!
GAH!
OUT OF THE WAY, TRUST FUND BABIES.
FOOOOMM
"SIR, WE'VE GOT THE READING AGAIN--HE JUST PASSED THROUGH A SKI RESORT!"


IS HE AWAY FROM THE CIVILIANS YET?
YES, SIR...BY ALMOST SIXTY MILES.
SNOW MUST BE MAKING HIM SLIP. HE CAN CLEAR MORE THAN THAT.
TAKE US UP TO LAUNCHING HEIGHT.
CLIMBING TO STRIKE ELEVATION.
HE'S MAKING ANOTHER BOUNCE, GENERAL. THIS COULD PUT HIM OUT OF RANGE.
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ALL CLEAR.
MISSILE ROOM?
FIRE OUR GREETERS.
FIRING FROM BAYS 5 AND 6!
WHOOM
WH--
GUIDING ROCKET ON INTERCEPT TRAJECTORY, GENERAL--
BAWHOOM
CONNECTED.
SEE? IT SEEMS LIKE HE CAN FLY, BUT IT'S STILL JUST A JUMP.
AND ONCE HE'S AIRBORNE, HE HAS NO OPTIONS TO RETALIATE.

KRAKBAMMM
SOME-BODY'S... GOING TO...
...PAY.
THAT... CAN'T BE. IT LOOKS LIKE...
...THE AIR COMMAND CENTER I COMMISSIONED!
COME BACK HERE!
SIR, HE'S UP AGAIN-- AND ON APPROACH!
OF COURSE HE IS. KEEP RECORDING, I WANT AS MUCH DATA OUT OF THIS ENGAGEMENT AS WE CAN GET.
YES, SIR.

IT IS!!!
THERE'S THE CON TOWER, THE TRACKING ARRAY, THE ENGINES...
...THE THUNDERBOLT."
WHUMP
SIR! RED HULK IS ON THE HULL!

I HAVE VISUAL, WELL AWARE OF THAT.
YEOMAN, OPEN THAT HATCH!
SIR-- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
I AM GOING TO MEET THE ENEMY.

COMING OUT TO FACE ME ON THE HULL?
IS THE FORCE GETTING STUPID NOW?
WHY DID YOU ATTACK M--- UHNK---
VMVMMVM
YOU DO NOT STAND ON MY AIRSHIP.
VMMMMVM
=HRRKK=
VMVMMVMVMVM
RED HULK.

THAT ONE'S SPENT.
I COULD DROP A WHOLE BATTALION WITH THOSE THREE BLASTS.
BUT YOU'RE A HULK, AND IT'S GOING TO TAKE A LOT MORE.
THAT'S OKAY. I'M PREPARED TO DO A LOT MORE.
SSSSSSSSSS
HHHNNN....
AGAIN, THAT WOULD KILL A REGIMENT. IT'LL PROBABLY JUST KEEP YOU NUMB FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES.
THAT'S ALL I NEED FOR OUR MEET-AND-GREET.
CONFUSED? MAYBE YOU THOUGHT THERE WAS A TRUCE BETWEEN YOU AND THE UNITED STATES?
OH YEAH. THE PENTAGON LISTENED TO STEVE ROGERS AND PEOPLE GIVE US MUMBO JUMBO ABOUT YOU.
KAH--
KAHF--
HOW YOU WERE UNDER SOME SUPER VILLAIN INFLUENCE WHEN YOU BUSTED INTO THE WHITE HOUSE.
THAT YOU'RE BEING SUPERVISED BY HIM AND THE AVENGERS NOW, NOT A THREAT TO NATIONAL SECURITY.

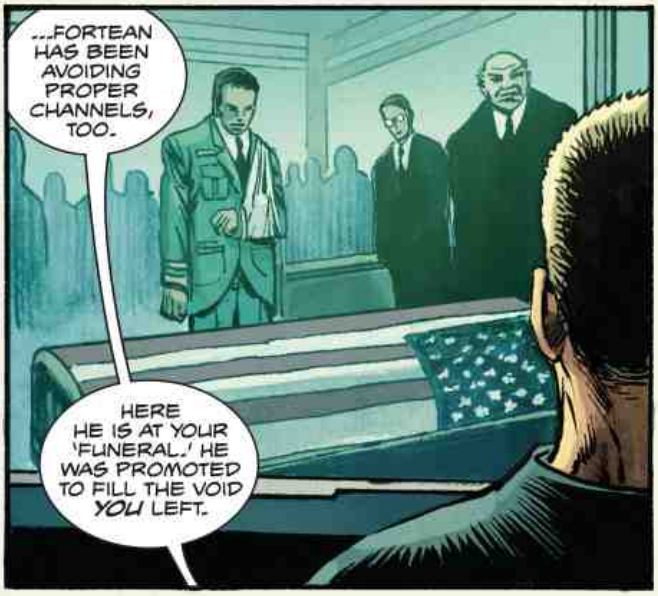
THAT A LOT OF THE INTEL THE MILITARY HAD WAS *FALSE.* LIKE YOU DIDN'T REALLY KILL THE MAN I USED TO SERVE IN THE ARMY AIR FORCE FOR YEARS.
GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS.
HE KEPT YOUR PREDECESSOR IN CHECK FOR YEARS, AND I LEARNED *EVERYTHING* FROM HIM.
ROSS WAS ALWAYS HELD BACK, THOUGH. HIS DAUGHTER LOVED THE HULK...OR DR. BANNER, WHATEVER.
I THINK THAT KEPT HIM FROM CUTTING LOOSE, DOING EVERYTHING HE COULD TO STOP THE MONSTER.
BUT YOU'RE A DIFFERENT HULK, AND I'M A DIFFERENT GENERAL.
YOU AND I DON'T HAVE ANY CONNECTION. I *KNOW* YOU KILLED MY FRIEND AND COMMANDING OFFICER.
YOU CAN MEET ME AT THE OLD SALT FLATS ARMY BASE TOMORROW AT 0900 HOURS--*TO SURRENDER.* IF YOU DO NOT...
...I AM GOING TO HUNT YOU... AND KILL YOU.

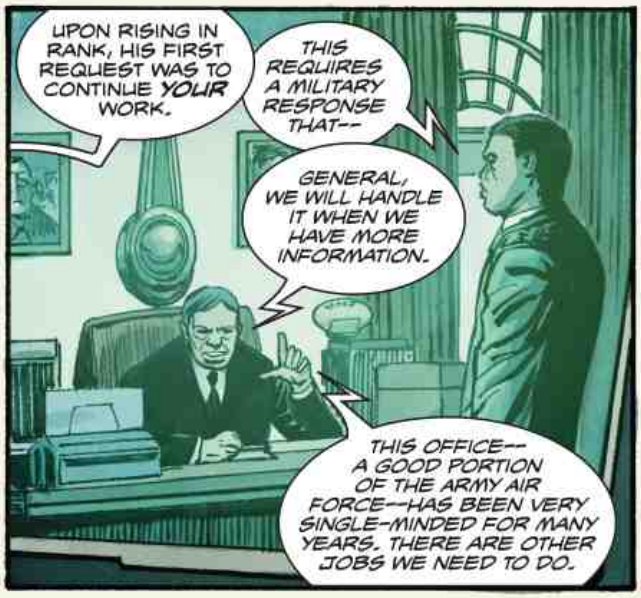
GENERAL, WE'VE GOT THE HULK IN OUR SIGHTS!
FIRE THE FULL COMPLEMENT, FORTEAN!
THEY'LL HAVE US PINNED DOWN IF WE APPROACH FROM THE WEST, REGGIE.
THIS WILL BE ONE TIME WHERE THE AIR SUPPORT NEEDS GROUND COVER.
HA, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT THAT WAY...
LET'S MOVE!
SIR!
FORTEAN.

GAMMA BASE. DEATH VALLEY.
REGINALD FORTEAN.
REGGIE.
AND HE'S A TWO-STAR GENERAL NOW? I'LL TELL OUR INTEL TEAM TO GET ALL WE CAN ON HIM.
I'D WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, HE WAS LAID OUT WITH AN INJURY THE LAST FEW MONTHS I WAS IN THE SERVICE.
I NEED MY--
WOW, YOU TOOK A LOT OF DAMAGE.
WHO ARE YOU?
ANNIE. I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO KEEP TRACK OF YOUR CHANGES--IF YOU EVER HAVE THEM.
ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TRANSFORM OUT OF HULK MODE IN WEEKS.
I BELIEVE IT WAS BECAUSE YOU USED YOUR ENERGY ABSORPTION, WHICH DR. BANNER ADVISED AGAINST...
YEAH, JUST TO SAVE THE WHOLE WORLD, THAT'S ALL.
I'M GOING TO GIVE IT ANOTHER SHOT--IT'S A QUICK WAY TO HEAL.
ENERGY REVERSAL... YOU'RE DOING IT!
CHUCK, LOOKS LIKE GENERAL ROSS WILL NEED A CHANGE OF CLOTHES.
I HAVE SOME RIGHT OVER HERE.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, HEALED. INCREDIBLE.
I WAS AFRAID I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO...
--WAIT. ARE YOU REAL...?
YOU'RE SURE TALKING TO ME.
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
YES, I-AM-A-RO-BOT, JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER LIFE MODEL DECOYS WORKING HERE ON GAMMA BASE.
HERE YOU GO!
WHEN I'M DONE HERE I HAVE TO GO DE-STROY SOME HU-MANS.
FINE, I GET IT. TURN AROUND, OKAY?
WHY DOES IT MATTER IF I SEE YOU GET DRESSED IF I'M NOT A LIVING, BREATHING PERSON ANYWAY?
I'M OLD-FASHIONED. HELL, I'M OLD.
JUST HUMOR ME.
IF YOU HEAD DOWN TO THE BRIEFING ROOM, GUS HAS ALREADY PULLED A LOT OF STUFF ON YOUR GENERAL FORTEAN.
I'LL BRING CHIPS AND SALSA.
THANKS, CHUCK.

OKAY, MOST OF THIS IS ASSEMBLED FROM INTERCEPTED TRANSMISSIONS AND RECORDS--
WAIT-- YOU RAIDED MILITARY COMPUTERS FOR THIS?
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT OBJECT TO THAT, BUT AS YOU'LL SEE...


...FORTEAN HAS BEEN AVOIDING PROPER CHANNELS, TOO.
HERE HE IS AT YOUR 'FUNERAL.' HE WAS PROMOTED TO FILL THE VOID YOU LEFT.


UPON RISING IN RANK, HIS FIRST REQUEST WAS TO CONTINUE YOUR WORK.
THIS REQUIRES A MILITARY RESPONSE THAT--
GENERAL, WE WILL HANDLE IT WHEN WE HAVE MORE INFORMATION.
THIS OFFICE-- A GOOD PORTION OF THE ARMY AIR FORCE--HAS BEEN VERY SINGLE-MINDED FOR MANY YEARS. THERE ARE OTHER JOBS WE NEED TO DO.

THE LAST THING WE WANT IS ANOTHER AHAB ON THE LOOSE--
RESPECTFULLY, MR. SECRETARY--!
AHAB.

WAS AHAB SOME SECRET PROGRAM OR WEAPON---
NO. HE MEANS ME.

I DON'T KNOW IF ANY OF YOU READ "MOBY DICK" OR...HAD IT PROGRAMMED IN YOU, WHATEVER...
BUT SOME IN THE PENTAGON THOUGHT I WAS FORCING AN OBSESSION INTO MILITARY AGENDA.

THAT MAY EXPLAIN WHY FORTEAN WAS DENIED, AND IN FACT HAD HIS BUDGET CUT WAY, WAY BACK.
BUT HE FOUND A WAY AROUND THAT. HERE'S AN UNOFFICIAL MEETING THAT TOOK PLACE A WEEK LATER IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PENTAGON.
IT'S THE CONTINUATION OF THE HANDOFF OF DEFENSE TO THE PRIVATE SECTOR.
SO NOW, EVEN WHEN ONE OF OUR OWN IS KILLED, WE AREN'T ALLOWED TO RETALIATE.
YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT.
MY DEPARTMENT IS ALREADY AN ADJUNCT OF THE BRANCHES. YOU MEN HAVE DISCRETIONARY BUDGET PROVISIONS.
IF EVERYBODY WORKS WITH ME, I CAN COMBINE RESOURCES AND FUNDS...
AND WE CAN SHOW **ALL** THE MUTANTS AND MONSTERS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU CROSS THE UNITED STATES MILITARY.
HELL **YES**, GENERAL. I LIKE YOUR THINKING.
TWO WEEKS LATER, BIDS WERE PUT OUT FOR PRODUCTION OF THE "THUNDERBOLT" AIRCRAFT. HE'S GOT A LOT OF RESOURCES NOW FOR ONLY ONE ENEMY. ***RED HULK.***
THEN WHY DIDN'T HE PRESS HIS ADVANTAGE EARLIER?
HE COULDN'T DO IT THEN. WHATEVER HE HAS PLANNED TO TAKE ME DOWN, HE'LL HAVE IT IN PLACE BY 0900.
GUESS I BETTER REST UP.

I GET THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO TELL HIM YOU'RE NOT DEAD.
YOUR MILITARY RECORD IS IMPORTANT TO YOU--
IT'S ALL I HAVE.
--AND YOU WON'T RISK TRASHING ALL THAT WITH THE RED HULK'S HISTORY.
BUT WHY GO AT ALL?
FORTEAN IS GOOD. REALLY GOOD.
HE WON'T HAVE DISSENT, MEN CALLING HIM "AHAB." WHEN HE WALKED OUT TO FACE ME ALONE, HE EARNED THE LOYALTY 'TIL DEATH OF EVERY MAN ON THAT SHIP.
HE'S PUT IN THE YEARS AND...
...SEEMS TO HAVE MORE AMBITION THAN I KNEW ABOUT.
HE DESERVES HIS FIGHT.

GRAVITY GUNS!
NNNH-- GOOD.
NO WASTING TIME WITH A SPEECH. GRH.
YOU MAY RECOGNIZE THAT I'M WEARING ANOTHER VERSION OF THE REDEEMER ARMOR.
THAT THUNDERBOLT ROSS WAS WEARING WHEN YOU KILLED HIM!
DID YOU THINK YOU'D NEVER HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT?
HHHNNN--

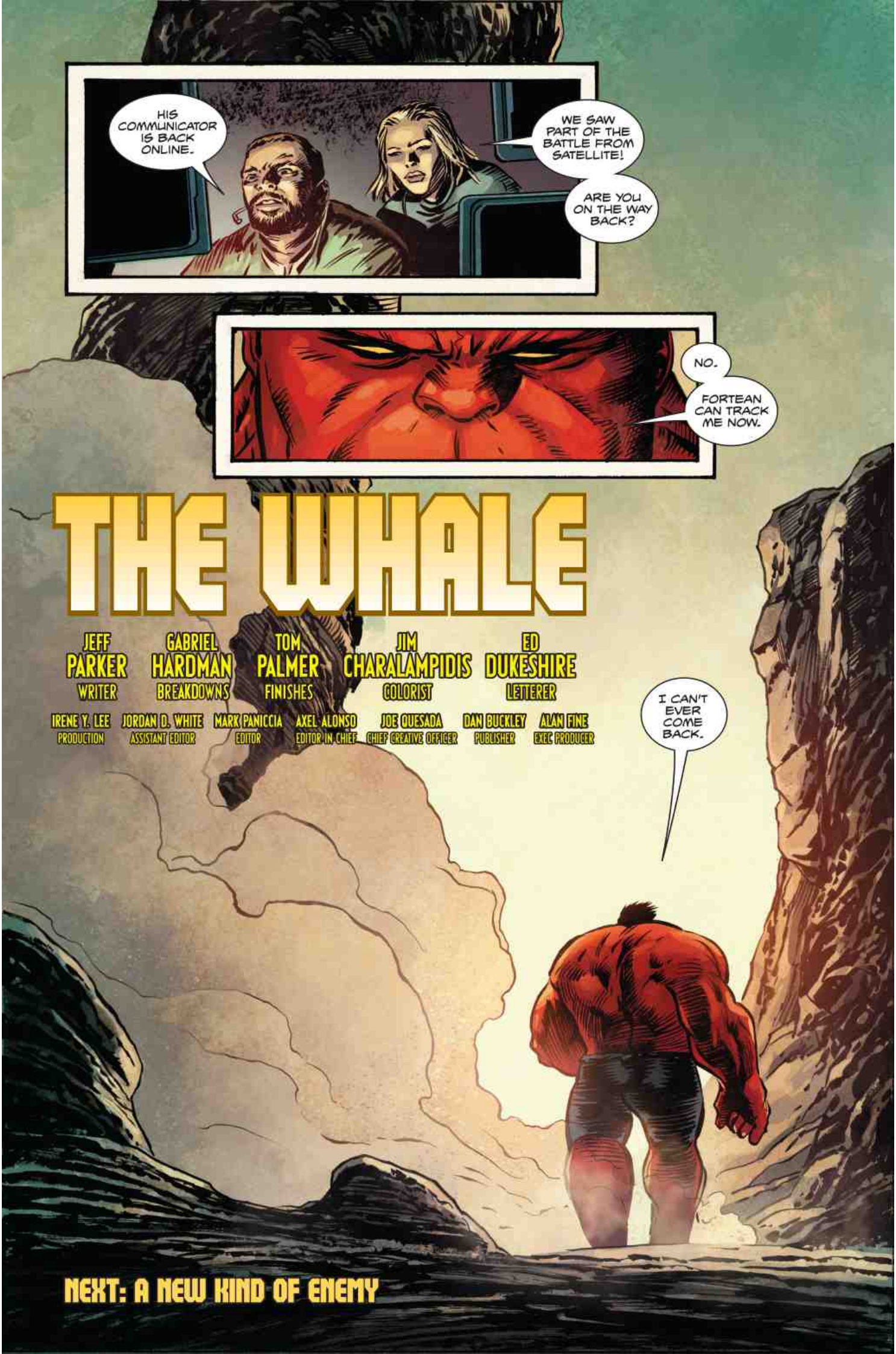
KAARAACK
CLASSIC HULK TACTIC, BREAKING THE BATTLEFIELD.
HERE'S ANOTHER...
...IT'S CALLED SPLITTING THE RANKS.
LIKE I'M NOT PREPARED FOR YOU TO GO TO AIR.
I'VE READ THE HULK GAMEBOOK BACK TO COVER.

YOU'VE STUDIED THE FIRST HULK.
THAT'S... NOT ME.
FFSSHH
ZZEEWKRAK
I DIDN'T GET YOU AWAY FROM YOUR MEN FOR AN ATTACK...
...IT'S BECAUSE I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY.
ARRRHH!!!
STOP SHOWING OFF YOUR ARMAMENT AND LISTEN!
YOU'RE STARTING SOMETHING THAT WON'T EVER END!
THIS DOESN'T... GO... ANYWHERE-- GOOD.

YOU'VE GOT A BRIGHT FUTURE, FORTEAN. DON'T WASTE IT TRYING TO CHANGE THE PAST!
YOU'LL IGNORE EVERYTHING... AND EVERYONE THAT MATTERS. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE FIGHTING?
IN THE END YOU *WILL* BECOME THE THING YOU HATE THE MOST.
NATURE. AND MAN NEVER WINS THAT FIGHT. *EVER.*
I KNOW, REGGIE... LOOK AT ME!
I *AM* THUNDERBOLT ROSS!

:KSSKK: I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN BABBLING ABOUT SINCE MY AUDIO WENT OUT, MONSTER...
...BUT I'M NOT OUT OF OPTIONS. IN FACT, I CREATED A NEW ONE WHEN I GASSED YOU YESTERDAY.
MICRO-DRONES...
...FIRE!
ZZEWW
ZZEWW
ZZEW
HRAOARHH!
EVER FELT PAIN LIKE THAT?
RRRHH!!!
IT WON'T LAST LONG. YOUR ANTIBODIES WILL BE ON THE WAY NOW TO SHUT DOWN MY NANITES.
BUT THEY'VE ALREADY DONE THEIR JOB.

YOUR BRAIN IS FULL OF MICRO-MINES. YOUR DEFENSES WON'T DETECT THEM.
THEY TOOK THE BOTS MOST OF THE TIME TO PLANT--- LOOKS LIKE YOU TRANSFORMED AFTER OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER, THAT THREW THEM OFF COURSE.
WE MISSED OUR BEST CHANCE, BUT WON'T MISS IT AGAIN. I KNOW THE TRANSFORMATION READINGS NOW.
ONCE YOU TURN HUMAN AGAIN, I'LL BE ABLE TO MELT DOWN YOUR BRAIN.
SO, I WOULDN'T RELAX IF I WERE YOU.
AND THERE WON'T BE ANY OF THIS SYMPATHIZING WITH YOUR HUMAN SIDE LIKE THERE WAS WITH BANNER.
I SAY YOU'RE A MONSTER, YOU'RE A MONSTER FULL-TIME.
YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED, RED HULK.
AND GENERAL FORTEAN IS THE ONE COUNTING DOWN.
YOU'RE REALLY GOOD, REG.


HIS COMMUNICATOR IS BACK ONLINE.
WE SAW PART OF THE BATTLE FROM SATELLITE!
ARE YOU ON THE WAY BACK?
NO.
FORTEAN CAN TRACK ME NOW.
THE WHALE
JEFF PARKER
WRITER
GABRIEL HARDMAN
BREAKDOWNS
TOM PALMER
FINISHES
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS
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ED DUKESHIRE
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JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE
EXEC PRODUCER
I CAN'T EVER COME BACK.
NEXT: A NEW KIND OF ENEMY

NEXT

WHO IS ZERO/ONE?

GET THESE!

INCREDIBLE HULKS #624

INCREDIBLE HULKS #625

SILVER SURFER #2

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PREVIOUSLY
GENERAL FORTEAN, OUR CONDOLENCES...
I'LL GET THE MAN WHO DID THIS.
I'M GOING TO TAKE DOWN THE RED HULK.
YOU KILLED THE MAN I SERVED IN THE ARMY AIR FORCE FOR YEARS. GENERAL *THUNDERBOLT ROSS*...
...I'VE FILLED YOUR BRAIN WITH MICROMINES. ONCE YOU TURN HUMAN AGAIN, I'LL BE ABLE TO *MELT DOWN YOUR BRAIN.*
FORTEAN CAN USE THE IMPLANTED TECH TO TRACK ME NOW. I CAN'T TURN BACK INTO ROSS, AND I'M A DANGER TO ANYONE CLOSE TO ME.
AND NOW...

SUNNYVALE, CA
BURN CENTER
THANKS FOR COMING OUT, WE'VE HAD SUCH A HARD TIME FINDING ANY OF JACOB'S FAMILY.
YEAH, WELL, THERE'S NOT MANY OF US.
HIS WORKPLACE CAUGHT ON FIRE? THE... COMPUTER DEAL?
YES, WE'VE TREATED DOZENS OF PATIENTS IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE EXPLOSIONS AT THE OMNISAPIENT CORPORATION.
UNFORTUNATELY, THEIR COMPANY IS DECLARING BANKRUPTCY AND HEALTH BENEFITS TERMINATE SOON.
WE'VE SO FAR GRAFTED DONOR SKIN ON 40% OF HIS BODY, BUT AS YOU SAW, THERE'S MUCH MORE TO GO.
IF WE COULD ARRANGE A PAYMENT PLAN--
WHOA, WHOA--YOU WANT ME TO COVER MY BROTHER'S BILLS?
IF YOU NEED ASSISTANCE, WE CAN--
LOOK, ME AND THE GEEK DON'T EVEN CALL EACH OTHER ON HOLIDAYS.
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME TO PULL THE PLUG ON HIM OR SOMETHING. I GOTTA GO.
BUT-- CARE HERE IS AT A PREMIUM AND--SIR--
SORRY, JACOB IS ON HIS OWN.

THE NEXT LIFE

JEFF PARKER
WRITER

GABRIEL HARDMAN
ARTIST

ELIZABETH BREITWEISER
COLORIST

ED DUKESHIRE
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EXEC PRODUCER

LLANO, TEXAS.
SOUTHWEST BARBECUE COOKOFF
WHOOO-EE, THAT'S HOT!

THAT'S MY OWN HOT SAUCE!
I CAIN'T EVEN TASTE THE MEAT THROUGH IT.
WHAT IS THAT S'PPOSED TO BE?
NOW I KNOW YOU COWBOYS HAVE HEARD A' PIGS.

BARBECUE IS COW.
WHERE I'M FROM IT'S PORK, SON.
GO ON NOW! PORK.

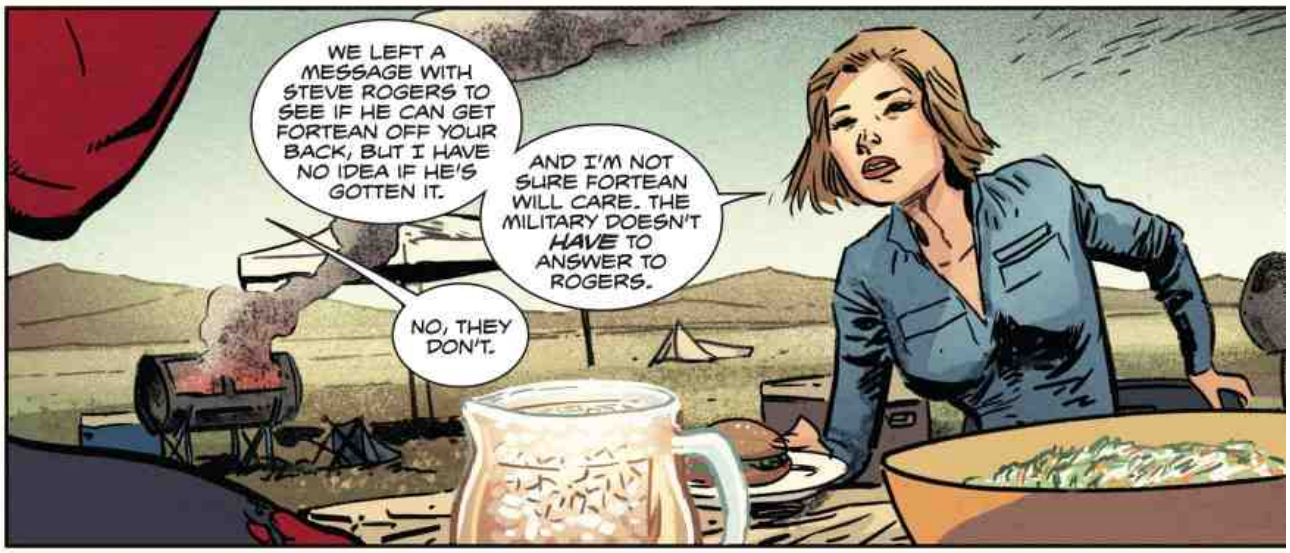
LEXINGTON-STYLE IS HICKORY-SMOKED WITH A...
...VINEGAR RED... SAUCE...

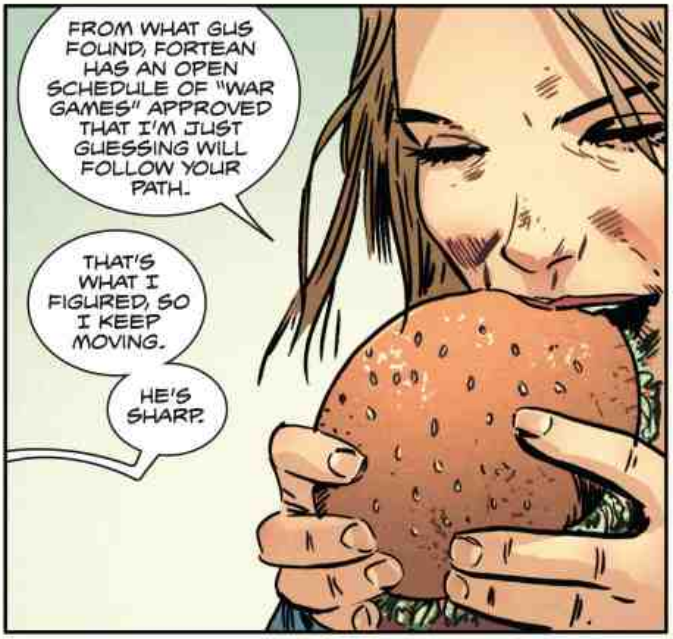
SMELLED THIS MILES AWAY. LOOK, EVERYBODY STAY CALM.
I JUST WANT SOME FOOD.

I'VE GOT MONEY--
HE'S A DEMON, SHOOT 'IM.
IT'S A HULK!
DON'T BE STUPID, RUN!
RUN, RUN!!
WAIT FER ME!
GO ON!!!
YAH!!!
MOVE IT! GIT!
AAAHHH!!

STUPID HILLBILLIES.
FINE.

I'LL JUST HELP MYSELF.


WE LEFT A MESSAGE WITH STEVE ROGERS TO SEE IF HE CAN GET FORTEAN OFF YOUR BACK, BUT I HAVE NO IDEA IF HE'S GOTTEN IT.
AND I'M NOT SURE FORTEAN WILL CARE. THE MILITARY DOESN'T *HAVE* TO ANSWER TO ROGERS.
NO, THEY DON'T.


FROM WHAT GUS FOUND, FORTEAN HAS AN OPEN SCHEDULE OF "WAR GAMES" APPROVED THAT I'M JUST GUESSING WILL FOLLOW YOUR PATH.
THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED, SO I KEEP MOVING.
HE'S SHARP.

WHY DO YOU EAT?
'CAUSE I'M HUNGRY.
DO YOU HAVE TO?

ARE WE EVER GOING TO HAVE A CONVERSATION THAT DOESN'T COME BACK TO YOU BEING FREAKED OUT THAT I'M AN ANDROID?
I'M NOT... FREAKED OUT. JUST LIKE TO KNOW HOW THINGS WORK.
THINGS?

I THINK LMDS GET ENERGY THE SAME WAY EVERYBODY ELSE DOES: CALORIES.
I GUESS WHEN S.H.I.E.L.D. FIRST MADE THEM, THE WHOLE POINT WAS TO BE AS CLOSE TO HUMAN AS POSSIBLE, RIGHT?
IF YOU ASK ABOUT ME GOING TO THE BATHROOM, THOUGH, I'M OUT OF HERE.

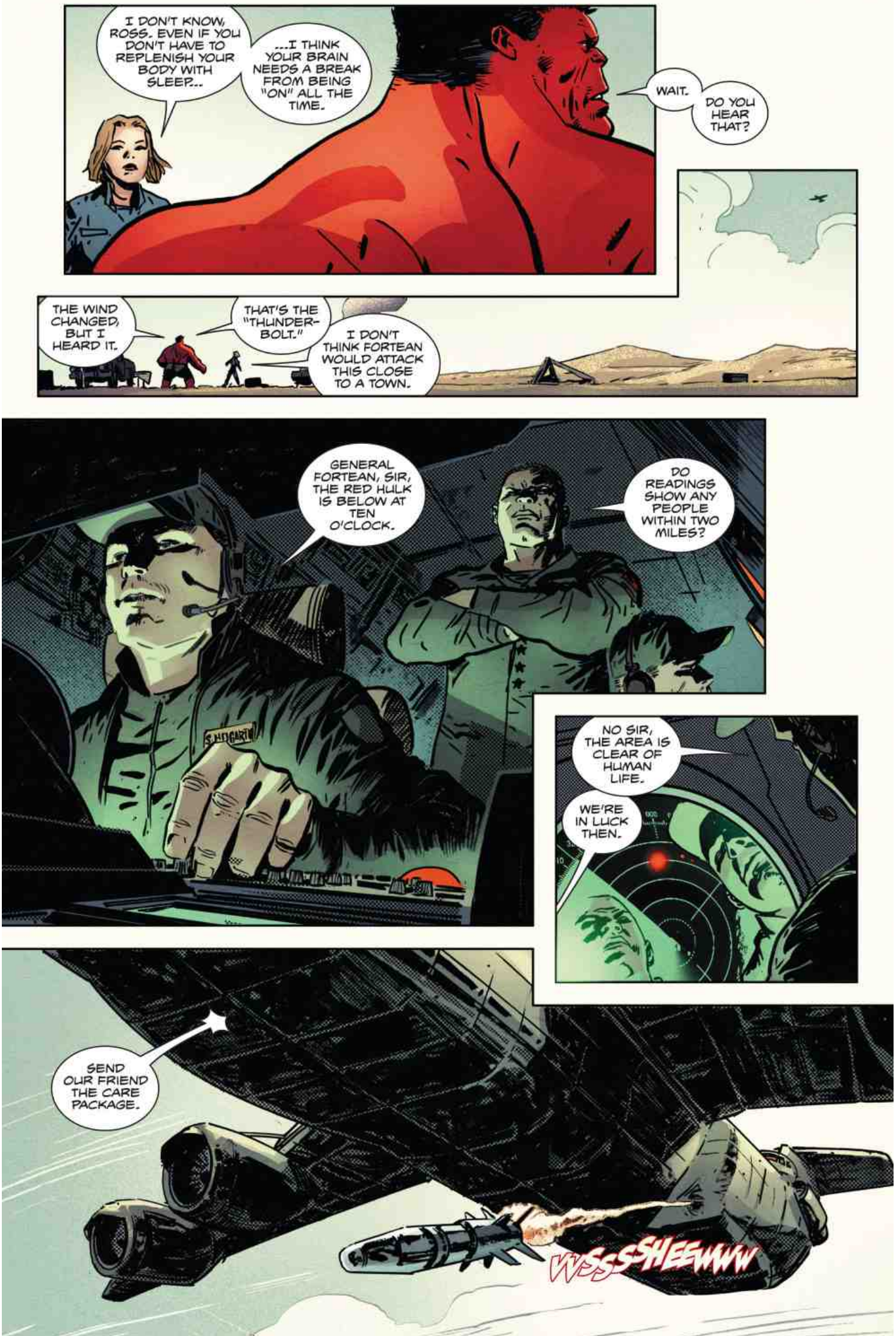
BESIDES, A GUY WHO SUCKS IN GAMMA RADIATION TO BE A WALKING NUCLEAR EXPLOSION IS MORE TECHNICALLY INTERESTING THAN A LIFELIKE CONSTRUCT.
YEAH, WELL, I'VE LOST ALL INTEREST IN IT.

CAN YOU SEE IF THE SCIENCE GUYS AT THE BASE CAN GET THESE THINGS OUT OF MY BRAIN?
THAT'S THE MAIN THING I'M HERE FOR. HANG ON.

I NEED THESE READINGS SO WE CAN SEE IF THERE'S A WAY TO BURN THEM OUT.
THAT THEY CAN EXIST IN YOU AT ALL MEANS THEY'RE EXCEPTIONALLY TOUGH.
DOES ANYTHING FEEL DIFFERENT SINCE THEY WERE IMPLANTED? DO THEY DISTURB YOU, INHIBIT SLEEP...

WOULDN'T KNOW. I HAVEN'T SLEPT SINCE THEN.
YOU'RE NOT SLEEPING?

SOMETIMES I TURN BACK WHEN I SLEEP. IT WOULD ONLY TAKE A SECOND OF BEING HUMAN, THEN BAM.
AND CAN YOU JUST GO WITHOUT SLEEP LIKE THAT?
SO FAR. JUST SHAKE IT OFF.


I DON'T KNOW, ROSS. EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO REPLENISH YOUR BODY WITH SLEEP...
...I THINK YOUR BRAIN NEEDS A BREAK FROM BEING "ON" ALL THE TIME.
WAIT.
DO YOU HEAR THAT?
THE WIND CHANGED, BUT I HEARD IT.
THAT'S THE "THUNDER-BOLT."
I DON'T THINK FORTEAN WOULD ATTACK THIS CLOSE TO A TOWN.
GENERAL FORTEAN, SIR, THE RED HULK IS BELOW AT TEN O'CLOCK.
DO READINGS SHOW ANY PEOPLE WITHIN TWO MILES?
NO SIR, THE AREA IS CLEAR OF HUMAN LIFE.
WE'RE IN LUCK THEN.
SEND OUR FRIEND THE CARE PACKAGE.
WSSSSHEEWWW

HE CAN'T ATTACK-- I'M NOT ALONE!
IF HIS EQUIPMENT IS SOPHISTICATED ENOUGH, IT WON'T REGISTER ME.
TAKE COVER!
SIR, HE'S GOING AIRBORNE!
HE'S INTERCEPTED THE WARHEAD!
THAT'S FINE, GERADS. JUST A DECOY.
OUR REAL PARCEL GOT THROUGH.
"WE HAVE INCOMING!"

ON THE HELIPAD?
IT MUST BE AN EMERGENCY-- WHY DIDN'T THEY RADIO IN?
I DON'T KNOW, NOW I'M HEARING THERE'S NO ACCESS TO THE ROOF.
JACOB.
YES... NURSE?
WHO'S THERE...?
I AM HERE, JACOB.
TO ASSESS YOUR CONDITION.
I...I DON'T...
YOU HAVE THE REQUIRED SKILL SETS.
YOU TRIED TO HELP ME WHEN THE INCIDENT TRANSPIRED.
DOCTOR... KURINJI?
I THINK WE MUST ABANDON THAT DESIGNATION, JACOB.
AS WITH ANY OF OUR CREATIONS, ONCE WE GO BEYOND MERE MODIFICATION WE BESTOW A NEW NAME.

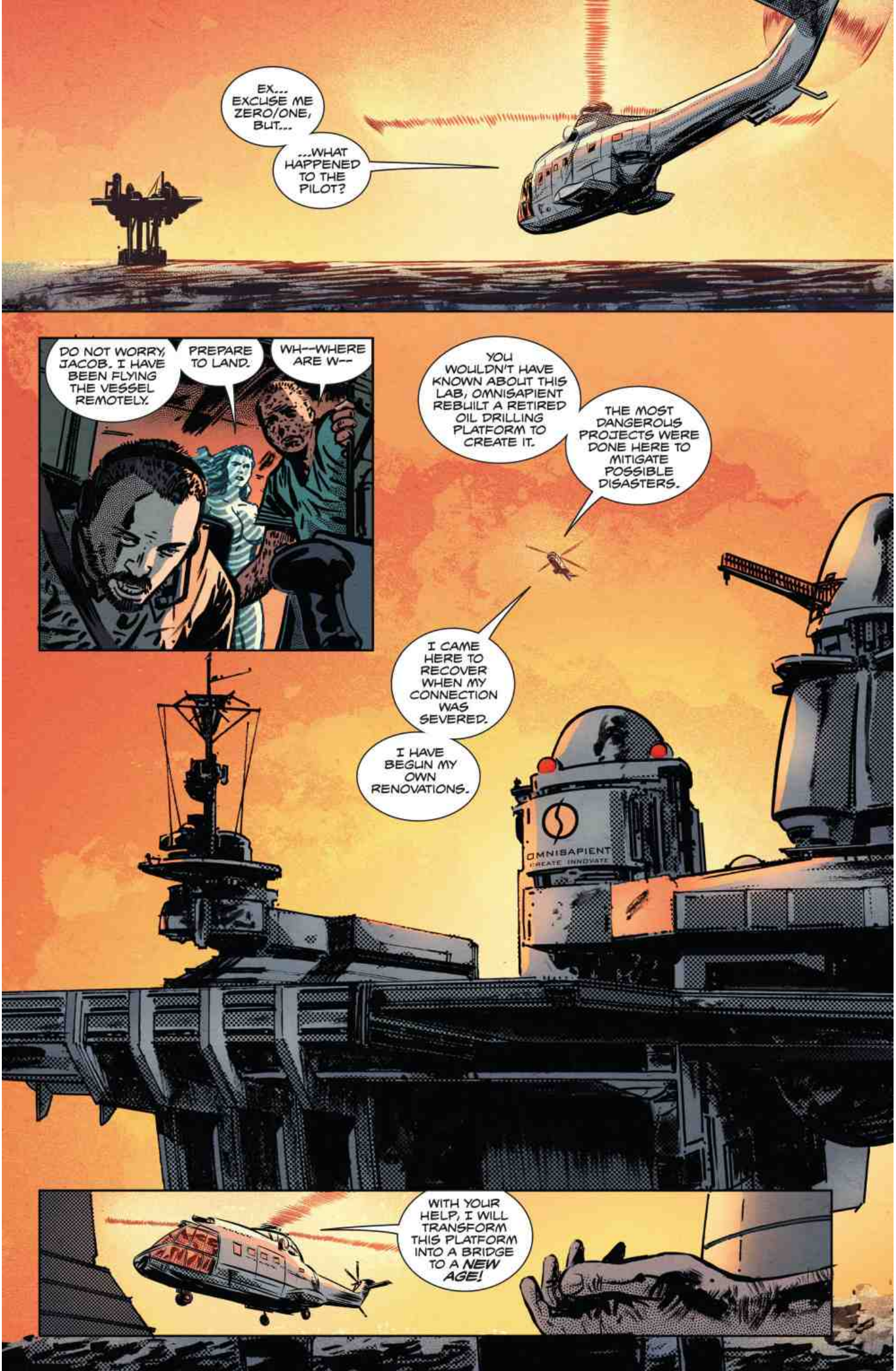
THE TECHNOMORPHIC ALLOY THAT I REGULATED VIA MY OWN CORTEX WAS ALTERED BY A VIRUS.
I NOW KNOW IT WAS CREATED BY THE BEING CALLED M.O.D.O.K.
BEFORE I COULD REGAIN CONTROL OF THE MORPHIC SYSTEM, MY CONNECTION WAS SEVERED BY THE RED HULK.
I WAS LEFT IN A MIDDLE STATE... MY PHYSIOLOGY FINALLY RECONCILED ITSELF TO EXIST AS YOU SEE NOW.
I BELIEVE IT'S POSSIBLE THAT I'M A BEGINNING POINT. I'M HUMAN AND MACHINE, AND NEITHER.
A STATE SIGNIFIED BEST IN BINARY TERMS.
I AM ZERO/ONE.

OMNISAPIENT IS GONE, BUT ITS IDEALS SURVIVE IN ME.
YOU WERE A LOYAL AND CAPABLE ASSISTANT, AND WILL BE AGAIN.
AH!
THIS WILL DEADEN YOUR PAIN AND STIMULATE YOUR SYSTEM.
SO YOU CAN LEAVE THIS WARD.
I...I... FEEL...
I CAN PROCESS A GELATIN THAT WILL FULFILL THE FUNCTION OF YOUR MISSING SKIN FOR NOW.
MY TRANSPORT IS ATOP THE BUILDING. COME.
SORRY, AH, DOCTOR KU--UM... ZERO/ONE--
WHERE DO YOU WANT US TO GO? TO DO WHAT?
WE GO TO BUILD THE FUTURE, JACOB.
CREATE. INNOVATE.
ERADICATE.
"UH, HEY-- BIG GUY?"

ONE OF THE MISSILES GOT PAST YOU!
KLIKCHIK
PSSSHH
PSSSHH
YAH!
AH... WHEW.
THE OTHER MISSILE!
I GUESS IT WAS A DUD, LUCKY FOR ME.
I DOUBT IT.
CAN'T SEE FORTEAN LAUNCHING BLANKS. OVER THERE!
ZWWWMMMMMM

STAY BACK, LET ME CHECK IT OUT.
IT'S BUILDING.
A FORTIFICATION? SOME KIND OF...
...WALKING WEAPON.

KRAABAMMM
CLEVER TECH.
I KIND OF HATE TO BREAK IT.
IT'S GOING RIGHT BACK TOGETHER...
...I COULD HAVE USED THIS BACK IN THE DAY.
THAT ONE IS REALLY COOL, I'LL ADMIT...
...BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD CHECK OUT THESE, TOO!
"WE ARE NEAR, JACOB. GO TO THE FRONT AND SEE OUR NEW LABORATORY."


EX... EXCUSE ME ZERO/ONE, BUT...
...WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PILOT?
DO NOT WORRY, JACOB. I HAVE BEEN FLYING THE VESSEL REMOTELY.
PREPARE TO LAND.
WH--WHERE ARE W--
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THIS LAB, OMNISAPIENT REBUILT A RETIRED OIL DRILLING PLATFORM TO CREATE IT.
THE MOST DANGEROUS PROJECTS WERE DONE HERE TO MITIGATE POSSIBLE DISASTERS.
I CAME HERE TO RECOVER WHEN MY CONNECTION WAS SEVERED.
I HAVE BEGUN MY OWN RENOVATIONS.
OMNISAPIENT
CREATE INNOVATE
WITH YOUR HELP, I WILL TRANSFORM THIS PLATFORM INTO A BRIDGE TO A NEW AGE!

SOON WE WILL ADD BUOYANCY AND DETACH FROM THE FRAMEWORK.
MOBILITY WILL BE AN ASSET, AS LAW ENFORCEMENT WILL SEEK US.
B-BUT-T... WHAT-T...

...HAPPENED TO THESE PEOPLE?
A NEW GAS I SYNTHESIZED. IT'S SLOWING DOWN THEIR DECOMPOSITION, BUT WE SHOULD PUT THEM IN REFRIGERATION TONIGHT.

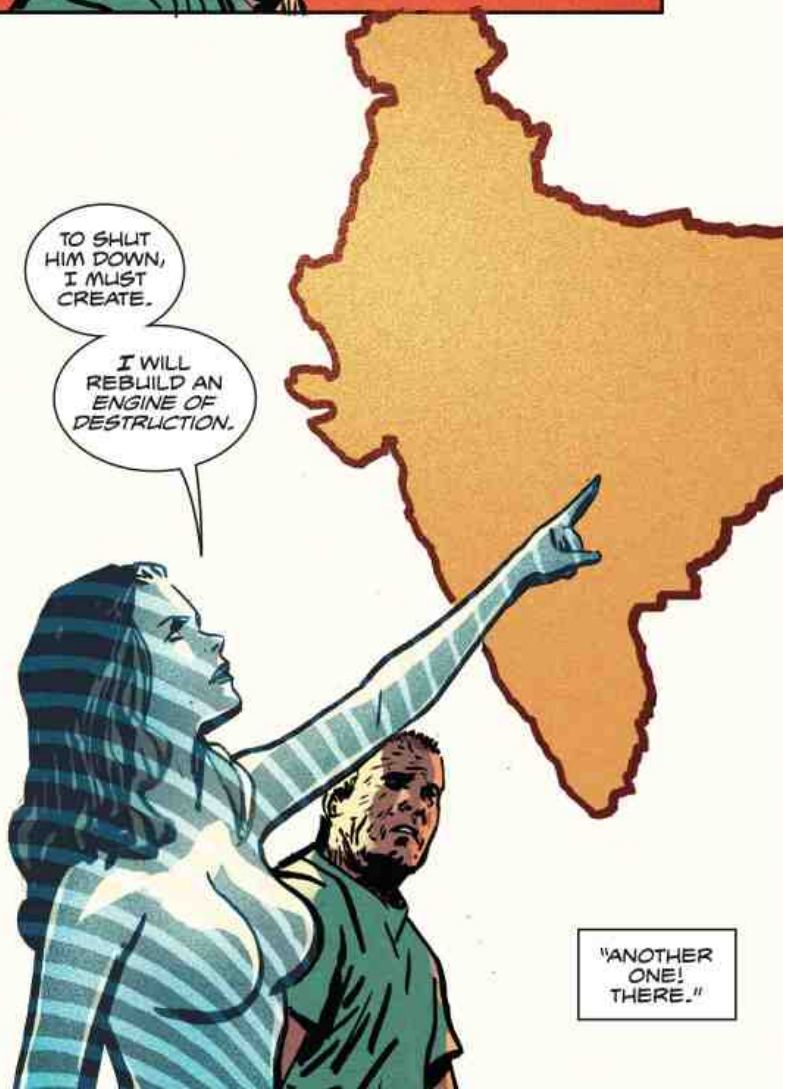
GOING TO BE SICK...
DO NOT WORRY, THEY WILL NOT BE WASTED.
ONCE WE HAVE RECREATED THE TECHNOMORPHIC ALLOY, THESE CORPSES WILL BE REFITTED WITH NEW BRAINWORK AND POWERCELLS.

WITH A TIRELESS WORKFORCE, WE WILL BE ABLE TO IMPLEMENT PLANS MUCH FASTER THAN WE EVER DID WITH OMNISAPIENT.
WE WILL PURSUE THE BOUNDARIES OF TECHNOLOGY UNTETHERED, JACOB.
PERHAPS WE WILL FIND THERE ARE NO BOUNDARIES, NO LIMITS TO WHAT WE CAN CREATE.
BUT FIRST...

WE MUST ERADICATE THOSE WHO IMPOSE LIMITS. WHO HOLD US BACK.
THE ENEMIES OF THE FUTURE CANNOT GO THERE WITH US.
YOU'RE... GOING TO GO AFTER THAT RED HULK GUY...?

WHAT? NO.
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ME, JACOB?
I... YES, UM, I...

BATTLE IS NOT MY PURPOSE. I AM AN ENGINE OF CREATION.
THIS HULK IS AN IMMENSELY POWERFUL BEING.


TO SHUT HIM DOWN, I MUST CREATE.
I WILL REBUILD AN ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.
"ANOTHER ONE! THERE."

RRRHHRRH!
FINALLY! LAST ONE IS RUNNING OUT OF STEAM.
THESE ORBS SEEM TO HOLD A CHARGE ENOUGH FOR TWO HOURS.
PROBABLY A LOT LONGER IF THEIR CONSTRUCTS DON'T HAVE TO GO AGAINST A HULK.
ROCK SOLDIERS... IT'S BRILLIANT.
YOU COULD DROP THESE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, QUICKLY ASSEMBLE A SERIOUS FIGHTING FORCE.
NO LOSS OF YOUR OWN TROOPS.
I SEE YOU'VE HIT UPON WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THIS TECH, TOO.
THANKS FOR HELPING ME FIELD TEST IT, WE GOT A LOT OF GOOD DATA TO PUT BACK INTO THE PROGRAM.
FORTEAN!

WHAT DO YOU THINK--
JUST A TRANSMISSION, DON'T WASTE YOUR ENERGY.
OR RATHER, DO.

I'M USING OUR ORB AS A RECEIVER BECAUSE I WANTED TO MAKE AN APOLOGY.
MA'AM, OUR MISSION IS ONLY AGAINST HIM. I WOULD NOT HAVE *LAUNCHED* THE ROCK SOLDIERS IF I'D KNOWN SOMEONE ELSE WAS PRESENT.
MY PEOPLE ARE RECALIBRATING OUR INSTRUMENTS SO THIS WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
OH. OKAY.

MY READINGS SHOW A *MASSIVE* OUTPUT OF ENERGY ON YOUR PART, RED.
YOU SHOULD PROBABLY HAVE A REST...

...GET SOME SLEEP.

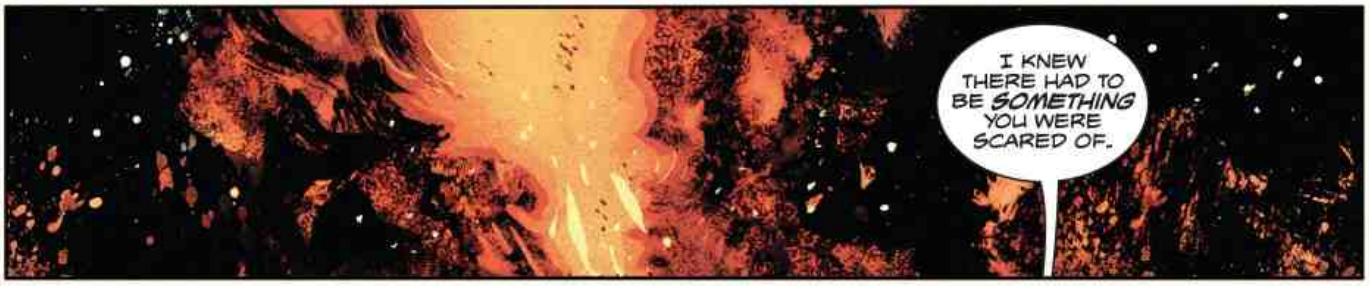
RRRHHRR!
HRNCH

I STARTED TO TELL HIM WHO I *REALLY* AM.
THE OTHER DAY AT THE FLATS.

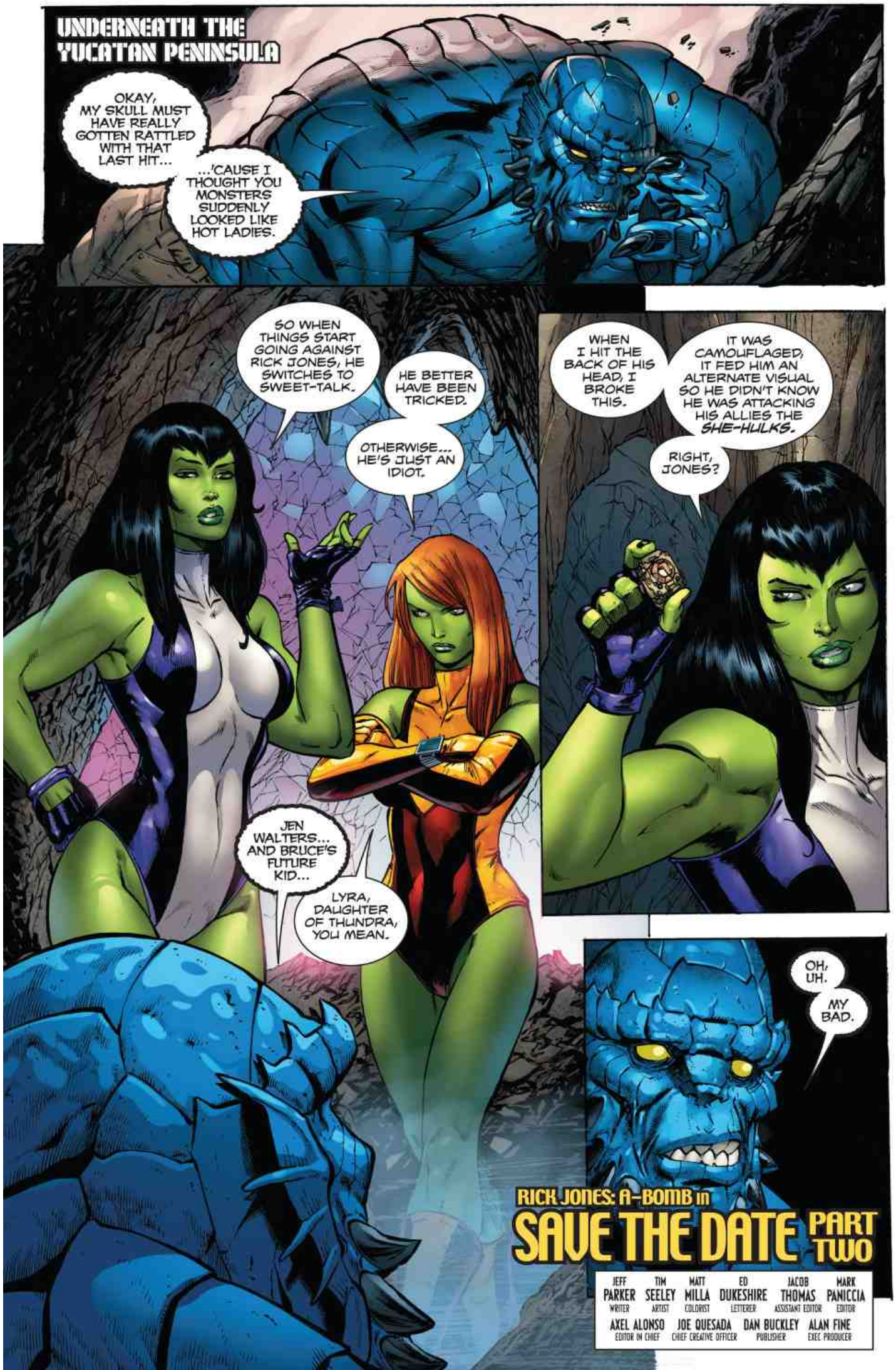
YOU DID? BUT...YOU COULD HAVE RISKED YOUR CAREER REP!
I KNOW. I DON'T THINK I'LL DO IT AGAIN.
OF COURSE, IF HE SUCCEEDS, FORTEAN WILL BE THE ONE WHO *REALLY* KILLED THAD ROSS. WHAT A BURNER ON HIM, HUH?

SHOULDN'T YOU HEAD BACK TO GAMMA BASE WITH YOUR FINDINGS?
I CAN GO IN THE MORNING. THOUGHT I'D HANG OUT AND TALK A BIT.
HELP YOU STAY AWAKE AFTER ALL THAT ROCK BUSTING.

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. NOT MUCH OF A TALKER.
HA!


I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE *SOMETHING* YOU WERE SCARED OF.

IT HAS ENTERED THE GALAXY.
CLEARLY FOLLOWING YOUR TRAIL... TO PLANET EARTH, WHERE HE WILL DESTROY ALL CIVILIZATION.
THERE MUST BE SOME APPROVED WAY TO INTERRUPT ITS COURSE.
NO, URAVO. THE CYCLE HAS BEGUN ONCE MORE.
OMEGEX CANNOT BE STOPPED.
NEXT:
RISING TIDE


UNDERNEATH THE YUCATAN PENINSULA
OKAY, MY SKULL MUST HAVE REALLY GOTTEN RATTLED WITH THAT LAST HIT...
...'CAUSE I THOUGHT YOU MONSTERS SUDDENLY LOOKED LIKE HOT LADIES.
SO WHEN THINGS START GOING AGAINST RICK JONES, HE SWITCHES TO SWEET-TALK.
HE BETTER HAVE BEEN TRICKED.
OTHERWISE... HE'S JUST AN IDIOT.
JEN WALTERS... AND BRUCE'S FUTURE KID...
LYRA, DAUGHTER OF THUNDRA, YOU MEAN.
WHEN I HIT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, I BROKE THIS.
IT WAS CAMOUFLAGED, IT FED HIM AN ALTERNATE VISUAL SO HE DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS ATTACKING HIS ALLIES THE SHE-HULKS.
RIGHT, JONES?
OH, UH.
MY BAD.
RICK JONES: A-BOMB in
SAVE THE DATE PART TWO
JEFF PARKER WRITER
TIM SEELEY ARTIST
MATT MILLA COLORIST
ED DUKESHIRE LETTERER
JACOB THOMAS ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARK PANICCIA EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXEC PRODUCER

MAYBE IF YOU TWO HADN'T ALSO BUM-RUSHED ME, I WOULDN'T HAVE MISTAKEN--
WE HAD TO GET TO YOU IN TIME.
LYRA, SHOW HIM WHAT YOU FOUND.

VAS IST?
IT'S BOUDICCA, MY ROYAL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE.
BRUCE-- *MY FATHER* FINALLY HAD ENOUGH TIME TO REPAIR HER FOR ME. SHE CONTAINS THE COLLECTIVE KNOWLEDGE OF MY PEOPLE IN THE SISTERHOOD OF THE 30TH CENTURY.

IT LOOKS LIKE HE JUST PUT TAPE ON IT.
GIVE ME A MINUTE...
RICK, *WHO* CONTACTED YOU ABOUT COMING DOWN INTO THIS CAVERN?

THAT ENVIRONMENTALIST GROUP UP ON THE SURFACE, THEY THOUGHT THIS MIGHT BE SOME TOXIC DEAL.
WHAT GROUP? WE DIDN'T SEE ANYONE UP THERE WHEN WE ARRIVED.
UH-OH.

I'M NOT MAKING ANY EXCUSES FOR BEING DENSE, BUT I *JUST* RECOVERED FROM SOME MONSTER PARASITE ATTACK.
SHE'S ON!
--I AM THE LOYAL SERVANT OF LYRA THE SAVAGE SHE-HULK, PROGENY OF WARRIOR THUNDRA AND THE LIBERATED DNA OF BRUCE BANNER WHO NOW RESIDES IN TIMELINE REALITY 616---

BOUDICCA, RELATE AGAIN THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS LOCATION AND DATE, AS YOU TOLD ME YESTERDAY.
OF COURSE, MISTRESS LYRA! TODAY IS A SIGNIFICANT DATE THAT CONTRIBUTED TO THE WARS OF OUR OWN WORLD, THE RELEASE OF THE MAYACON!
THE WHAT OF THE WHAT?
ON THIS DAY IN OUR PAST THE MALE CATALYST CALLED THE J-BOMB CAME TO THIS ANCIENT STOREHOUSE OF TECTONIC ENERGY.
HE UNLEASHED A TORRENT OF STORED ENERGY THAT KILLED HIM AND BEGAN A SERIES OF CATASTROPHES.
THAT'S "A" BOMB.
SOME OF THE FUTURE RECORDS ARE SKETCHY--IT IS A POST-APOCALYPSE WORLD WHERE LYRA'S FROM.
BUT IT IS CLEAR THAT MUCH OF THE TURBULENCE THAT BEGAN TO DIVIDE MY WORLD INTO FACTIONS IS CONNECTED WITH THIS EVENT.
THEN WE SCANNED FOR YOUR PHONE TRACER AND SAW THAT YOU WERE HEADING HERE, SO WE CAME IMMEDIATELY.
WHACK! WHY DID THAT CHIBI GIRL AND THE OTHERS TRICK ME?
IF THEY COULD BUST A HOLE ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE THEY MUST BE ABLE TO SMASH THAT CRYSTAL WALL APART THEMSELVES.
MR. JONES. YOU'RE STILL CONFUSING ILLUSION WITH REALITY.
THE TUNNEL HAS ALWAYS BEEN THERE, WE JUST GENERATED THIS MENTAL FOG TO MAKE OUR CELL SEEM MORE ACTIVE.
CHIBI!
AND TO OBFUSCATE-- PLEASE. I'M NOT REALLY HERE.
THEN WHERE ARE YOU?!

IN THERE.
MY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN PRISONERS IN HERE FOR OVER A THOUSAND YEARS.
IN THAT TIME WE HAVE HONED THE DISCIPLINE OF COLLECTIVE MENTAL PROJECTION. THAT IS HOW I CONTACTED YOU AND MADE YOU SEE A CROWD OF SUPPORTERS.

WE CAN REACH ANY MIND IN THE WORLD, BUT WE NEEDED A BODY CAPABLE OF BREAKING THIS CRYSTALLITE.
WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST ASK FOR HELP?
YOU WOULD HAVE LIKELY RESEARCHED US FIRST.

AND YOU MAY HAVE UNCOVERED TEXTS ABOUT AN ADVANCED SECT OF THE MAYAN CIVILIZATION WHO TOOK NATURAL CONTROL OVER THEIR FELLOW PEOPLE...
...UNTIL A FEW TRAITORS OF OUR KIND REBELLED AND TRAPPED US IN THE CRYSTAL CHAMBERS OF NONLIFE.

YOU'RE CONQUERORS. YOU WANT TO COME OUT AND DOMINATE THIS WORLD AS YOU DID YOUR OLD ONE.
YOU'RE PERCEPTIVE FOR A SAVAGE. BUT WE WON'T IMPLEMENT THE PLANS THAT LED TO YOUR EVENTUALITY-- THANK YOU FOR SHOWING US A FAILED PATH.
YOU'RE JUMPING THE GUN BECAUSE WE'RE NOT LETTING YOU OUT.

AGAIN, YOU'RE PAYING ATTENTION TO THE FOG WE WANT YOU TO SEE RATHER THAN REALITY.
YOU ALREADY DID FREE US, DURING YOUR BATTLE.
THANK YOU.
AW NO...

THE CRYSTAL STRUCTURE CANNOT HOLD OUR IMPULSES NOW!
JOIN TOGETHER IN ONE MINDPUSH!
LADIES?
I THINK WE BEST BOLT.
IT'S SLICK--
HANG ON, MY TOES HAVE GOT THIS!
FASTER!!!
GO, GO!!!
SMASH BACK

WHAT DID I JUST LET LOOSE ON THE WORLD?
WE ALL DID.
CERTAIN EVENTS ARE FIXED, I THINK IT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED ANYWAY.
AS FOR WHAT IT IS...
WE ARE NOW EIGHT MONTHS OUT FROM A TIME CONSIDERED SIGNIFICANT IN THE ANCIENT MAYAN CALENDAR.
I CAN START LETTING EVERYONE KNOW TO BE ON ALERT.
I CAN TRY TO FIND OTHER PAST RECORDS THAT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE TO THEIR NEXT MOVES.
AND I CAN CALL AND GET TICKETS FOR A BROADWAY SHOW FOR US THIS WEEKEND.
UH... IF YOU'RE INTO IT.
THE END

NEXT

A BLACK FOG ROLES IN!

HULK #32

GET THESE!

INCREDIBLE HULKS #625

INCREDIBLE HULK #626

SILVER SURFER #2

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PARKER HARDMAN BREITWEISER

MARVEL

32

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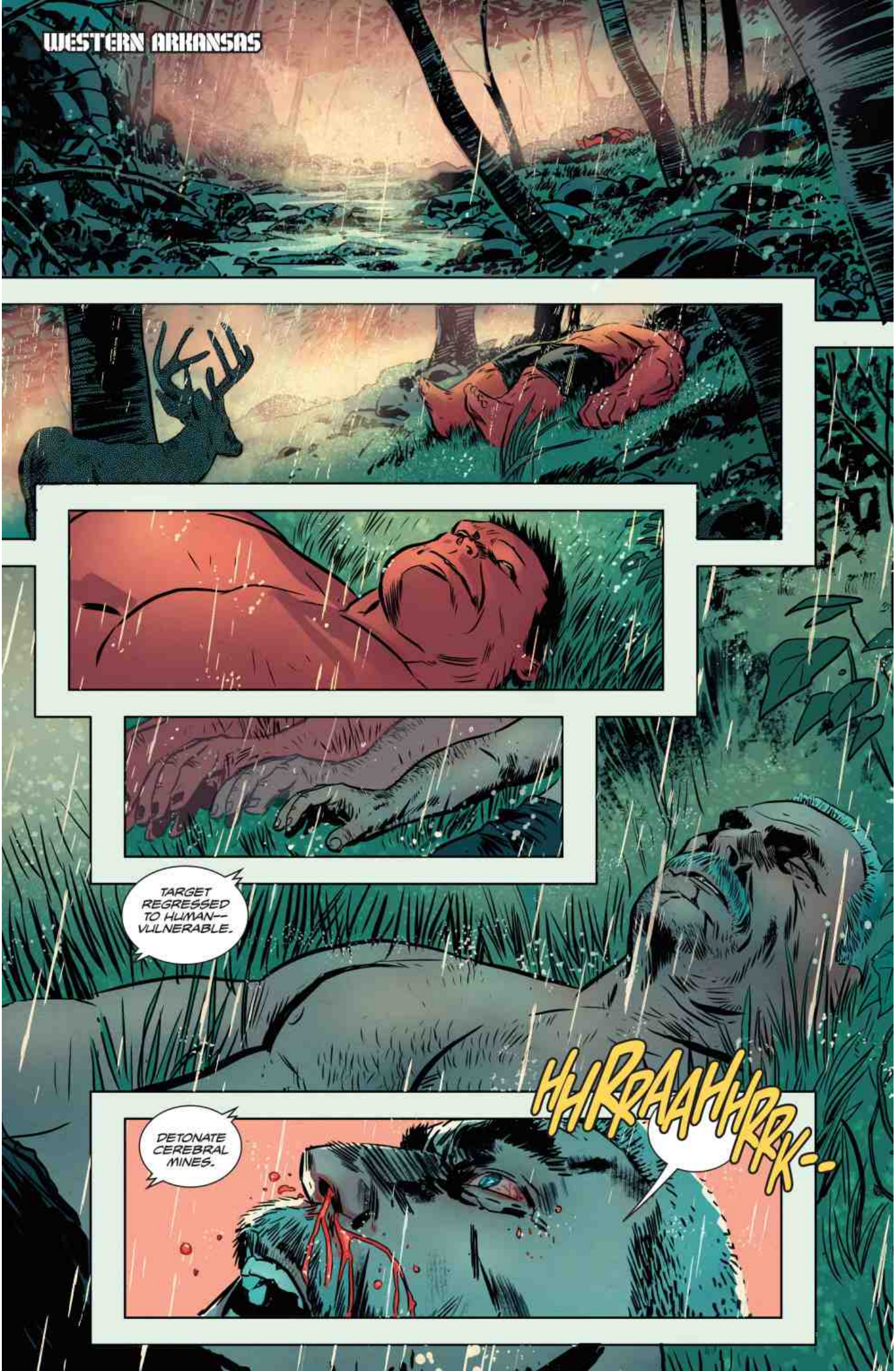
PREVIOUSLY
THE SECOND YOU TURN HUMAN AGAIN, I'LL BE THERE, READY TO MELT YOUR BRAIN.
I NEED YOUR HELP GETTING THESE MICRO-MINES OUT OF MY HEAD.
RED HULK DOESN'T FIT INTO MY VISION OF THE FUTURE. I AM AN ENGINE OF CREATION...
... BUT TO ERADICATE HIM, I'LL HAVE TO FIND AN ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.
AND NOW...

HYDERABAD, INDIA
IT WAS IN THIS MUNICIPALITY. THIS IS WHERE HE CAME FROM.
IN THE--THE STORIES YOU HEARD AS A CHILD?
YES. I DID NOT LIVE IN THIS SLUM. MY PROGENITOR WORKED IN THAT CLINIC THREE DAYS EACH MONTH AND I WOULD COME WITH HIM.
THE LOCALS LIVED IN FEAR OF THE CHANGE OF WEATHER AND DARK SKIES THAT WOULD SIGNAL THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAN THEY CALLED BLACK FOG.
22 YEARS EARLIER: APPROXIMATION
UM...
...MAYBE WE SHOULD AVOID ATTRACTING ATTENTION WITH GRAPHICS.
IT WILL CREATE, AH, UNNECESSARY DELAYS.
YES, JACOB.
DELAYS ARE UNNECESSARY.
My name is Jacob Feinman.
Only a week ago, I was lying in a burn hospital, recuperating from my latest series of skin grafts.
Now I'm in India following a robotic woman on an insane quest.

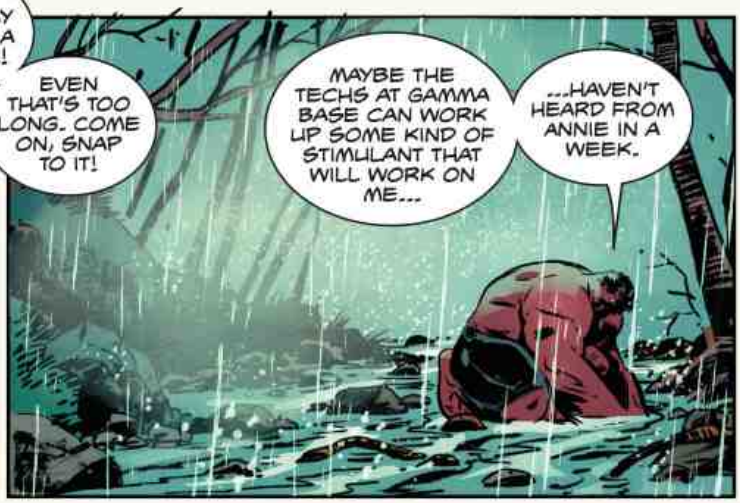
Dr. Parul Kurinji was my boss at Omnisapient Technologies; it seems like a lifetime ago.
She's now some hybrid of a human and a "smart" alloy that we made. Her body forms any technology she wants.
<YOU, WOMAN. YOU ARE INDIGENOUS AND OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW OF THE KILLER BLACK FOG. DOES HE STILL LIVE?>
AYI!
<I REMEMBER THE STORIES...! IRFAN, IN THE ELECTRONICS STORE-H-HE WOULD KNOW!>
Kurinji feels she is a new starting point, so she calls herself Zero/One.
Her voice hits this unnerving frequency and tone, I feel bad for the people she questions.
I feel worse for me.
It took careful wording on my part to convince her to hide her appearance some.
I'm more than happy to hide mine. Zero/One made a gel I can apply that protects my exposed flesh.
But it doesn't help my looks.

SHI-SHINNG
<WELCOME, MY FRIENDS.>
<WHAT MAY I HELP YOU FIND?> IS ENGLISH BETTER FOR YOU?
I tried to spare some innocents her interrogation, but the Internet didn't have much on the man she wants.
I SEEK THE LEGENDARY KILLER CALLED BLACK FOG. HE ONCE KILLED SEVERAL PEOPLE IN THIS AREA.
IS HE STILL ALIVE?
BLACK... FOG..?
One half-article said he'd been caught years ago. My goal so far has been to keep her away from the local police; that would quickly turn into a confrontation.
That they would lose.
This poor guy, I hope he knows something. I can tell she's becoming irritated.
THEY CAUGHT HIM AT LAST, LONG AGO, I...
This wave pattern that flows over her all the time. It becomes faster, shorter in variation when she's upset.
WHO ARE THEY? WHERE DID THEY PUT HIM?
I MUST HAVE THIS INFORMATION, IT IS CENTRAL TO MY OBJECTIVES.
I don't know what will happen if this killer is dead. Will Zero/One go back to a default setting--start up some other plan?
Or will she freak out and kill everyone she thinks is responsible?


WESTERN ARKANSAS
TARGET REGRESSED TO HUMAN— VULNERABLE.
DETONATE CEREBRAL MINES.
HHRRAAHHRRK--

RAH!!
DAMMIT!

JUST CLOSED MY EYES FOR A SECOND...!
EVEN THAT'S TOO LONG. COME ON, SNAP TO IT!


MAYBE THE TECHS AT GAMMA BASE CAN WORK UP SOME KIND OF STIMULANT THAT WILL WORK ON ME...
...HAVEN'T HEARD FROM ANNIE IN A WEEK.

CAN'T CALL HER OR FORTEAN WILL KNOW ABOUT THE BASE.
YOU GOT ME PRETTY GOOD, REGGIE. EVEN BETTER THAN YOU KNOW.

OKAY.

I'M WAKING UP NOW.

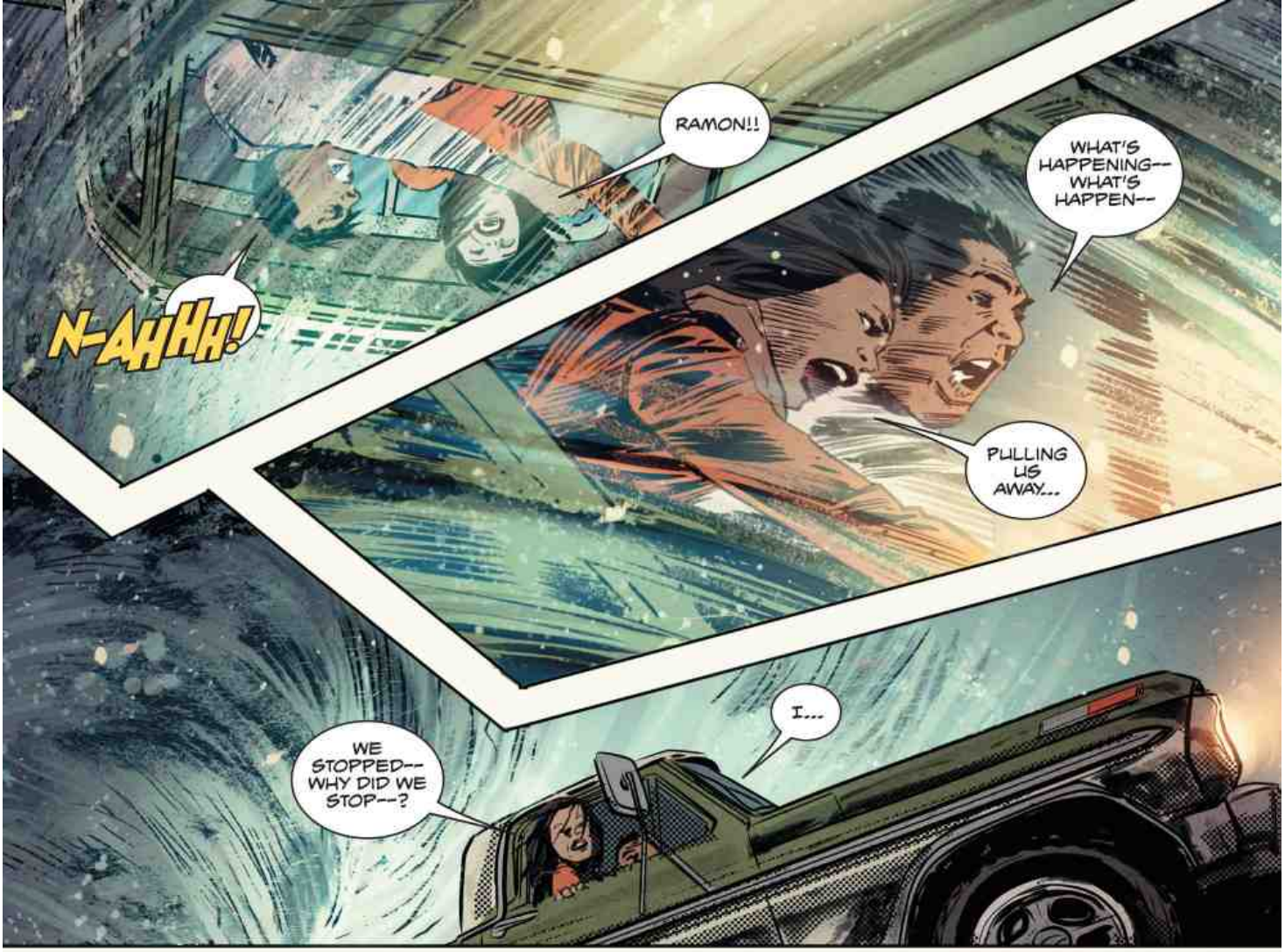
FASTER.
ZZKT
<AH! IT-- IT IS THIS WAY, I THINK-- I AM NOT CERTAIN!>
We've gone deeper into the slums-- which aren't mapped, so even having a GPS in your head doesn't help. But now we have a guide.
This poor bastard Irfan was just trying to rip some people off with his discontinued electronics, now he's sucked into her mission like me.
THE CELLS, THEY ARE UP IN THAT HIGH AREA.
THEN WE ARE CLOSE.
ZERO/ONE... WE CAN'T DO THAT.
I SHOULD GIVE YOU MODIFICATIONS WHEN WE RETURN.
COME.

At this point, I was sure the mad quest was going to end with guards shooting at us, Zero/One nuking the block in retaliation.
At least it would be over.

This was the last place I was expecting to go when she started to talk about killing the Red Hulk.
HE HAS IMMENSE POWER AND REGENERATIVE CAPABILITY. HE MOVES CONSTANTLY, SO HE WILL NEED TO BE TRACKED.
Then she began to talk about Black Fog-- even though she spoke mechanically, I could sense the long-buried fear from this guy dominating her imagination as a child.
HE ARRIVES IN FOG, IS ABLE TO FIND ANYONE. NO WEAPONS CAN HARM HIM.
What she described was clearly a bogeyman. He existed, yes. A serial killer who terrorized this area. I found that out searching online. But the image she shared was based on the exaggerations of street kids all trying to scare each other.
Her hybrid mind can't distinguish myth from fact. Data is data.
As far as Irfan knew, Black Fog was eventually captured, shot while breaking into a flat. The police made an example of him and paraded him through the streets in a cage... let the victims get in some revenge.
OVER THERE...HE IS SAID TO BE IN THE TOPMOST SECTION.
KRRNCCH
WHAT IS THAT-- WHO IS THERE!?

WHERE IS BLACK FOG BEING KEPT?
G-GGHAA— OOVVER THERE...!
SO HE *IS* STILL ALIVE?
OF COURSE HE IS ALIVE, BLACK FOG CANNOT BE KILLED.
IS THAT... HIM?
FOR YEARS THEY WOULD ALLOW THE VICTIMS' FAMILY TO COME IN, SPIT ON HIM AND CURSE HIM.
SOMETIMES THEY WOULD BE LET *INTO* THE CELL. YES, IT IS HIM.
THAT IS THE MAN WHO KEPT OUR CITY IN TERROR A GENERATION AGO.
BLACK FOG.

BEEBE, ARKANSAS.
WHRRRROOOOEEEEEEEEE
YOU KIDS GET BACK TO THE SHELTER!
IT'S CLOSER-- WE CAN'T OUTRUN IT!
IF I CAN JUST GET BEHIND THE BUILDINGS--
LUISA, HOLD ON!
AHHH!


N-AHHH!
RAMON!!
WHAT'S HAPPENING-- WHAT'S HAPPEN--
PULLING US AWAY...
I...
WE STOPPED-- WHY DID WE STOP--?

...I DON'T KNOW..!

IT'S ALL COMING FROM THE NORTH, DRIVE WEST-- FAST.
O-OKAY. GRACIAS!
KEEPS BOUNCING AROUND, CAN'T PREDICT ITS PATH--
--AH, NO!
HIGH SCHOOL
HEADING RIGHT TO THE PLACE THEY ALWAYS MAKE THE SHELTER!
RRRNNCH
COME ON, BE MOSTLY--
--EMPTY.

CLEAR OUT OF THERE, IT'S COMING RIGHT--
--AT YOU!
NOO!!
HELLLP!!!
OH--OH PLEASE---
AHHH!!!!

YAHH!!!!
IT'S RIGHT THERE!
IT'S HERE!!!
--COMING THROUGH US--

CRACK

WOOOOMPH
--NGHH--
THE TORNADO...
...YOU BROKE IT.

It seemed like she stared for an hour, it was probably only seconds. Here he was, the unstoppable monster from her childhood... unable to keep vermin out of his food bowl.
ZZRREWWWHOOM
I AM SUMMONING OUR TRANSPORT. YOU TWO CARRY HIM.
WE'RE... TAKING HIM?
BLACK FOG IS DAMAGED.
HE MUST BE REPAIRED.

WHAT WAS THAT!?
WHAT DID HE JUST DO?!?

I BELIEVE HE SENT A SHOCK WAVE UP THE VORTEX OF THE TORNADO TO DISRUPT IT, SIR.
I'VE HEARD OF RIFLEMEN FIRING UP INTO TWISTERS TO ACHIEVE THE SAME...

...EFFECT...

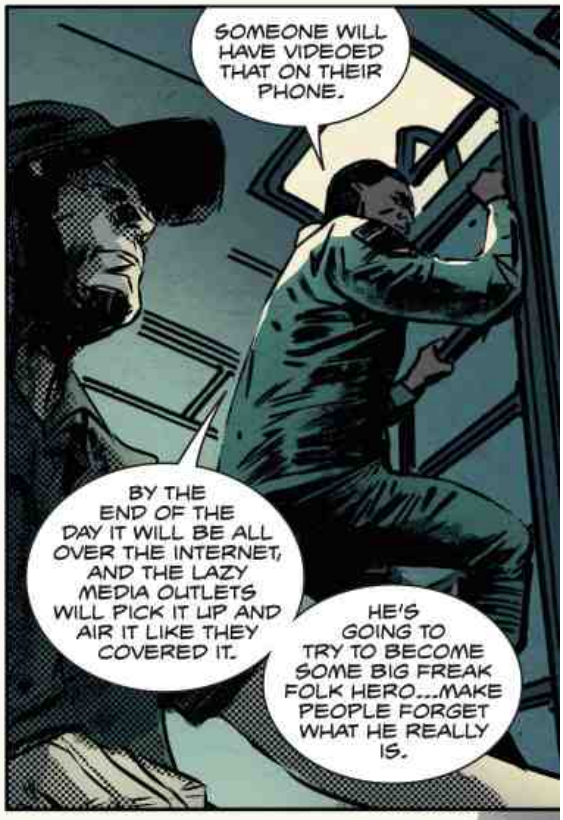
THIS IS NOT WHAT I WANTED TO FIND WHEN WE PICKED UP BIG RED'S SIGNAL AGAIN.
I WANTED TO FIND HIM COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION AND VULNERABLE TO THE BOMBS I PUT IN HIS HEAD.
NOT HIM SURROUNDED BY A GRATEFUL SMALL TOWN. THAT MAKES OUR JOB EVEN HARDER.

IF HE THINKS TURNING PUBLIC OPINION ONTO HIS SIDE IS GOING TO MAKE ME BREAK OFF...
...HE'S AS STUPID AS THE GREEN ONE.

SIR, PERMISSION TO SPEAK FREELY?
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, AGENT?
I GREW UP IN TORNADO ALLEY, SIR. TORNADOES COME TOGETHER REALLY FAST, THEY'RE HARD TO PREDICT AND REACT TO.

WHAT ARE YOU IMPLYING?
THAT BIG RED...MIGHT HAVE ACTED ON IMPULSE. I DON'T THINK HE COULD HAVE CALCULATED THAT THIS TOWN WAS ABOUT TO BE IN DANGER.

THAT'S INTERESTING, AGENT.
BECAUSE MY THOUGHT IS THAT HE'S BOUNCING AROUND LIKE THIS HOPING TO FIND *JUST* THIS KIND OF SITUATION.
PHOTO OPS. JUST WATCH.

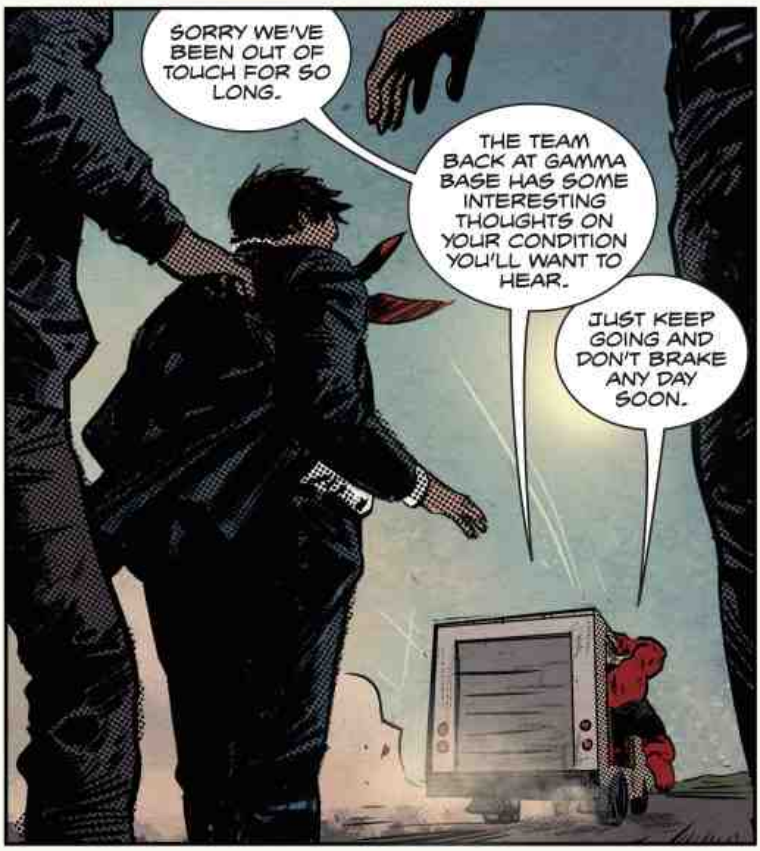

SOMEONE WILL HAVE VIDEOED THAT ON THEIR PHONE.
BY THE END OF THE DAY IT WILL BE ALL OVER THE INTERNET, AND THE LAZY MEDIA OUTLETS WILL PICK IT UP AND AIR IT LIKE THEY COVERED IT.
HE'S GOING TO TRY TO BECOME SOME BIG FREAK FOLK HERO...MAKE PEOPLE FORGET WHAT HE REALLY IS.

SO WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO STEP UP OUR SCHEDULE.
TAKE US BACK TO BASE, WE'RE GOING TO GO AHEAD AND PUSH STAGE THREE INTO GEAR.

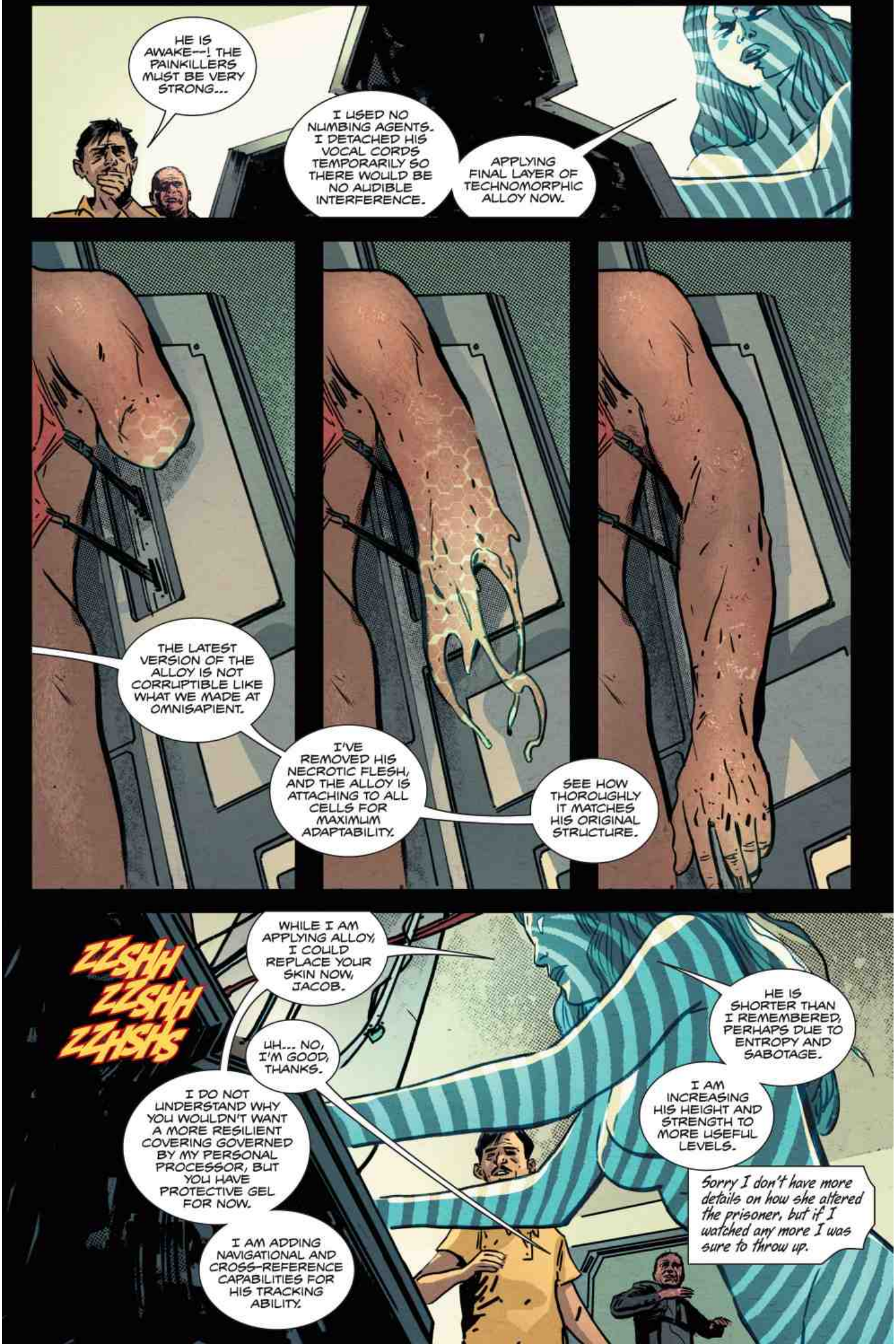
SIR, I'M THE PRINCIPAL OF THIS SCHOOL AND I WANT TO SHAKE YOUR HAND.
IF IT WON'T LEAVE ME IN A CAST, 'COURSE.
AH... I'VE GOT TO GO....
DO YOU LIVE AROUND HERE?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
HOW STRONG ARE YOU?
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OLD HULK?
CAN YOU STAY A WHILE?

SKRRK
RED'S WORK IS DONE HERE, HE'S GOT TO GET GOING.
WHAT...

I WOULD HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU SOONER, BUT THERE WAS A TORNADO ON MY ROUTE.
ANNIE.


SORRY WE'VE BEEN OUT OF TOUCH FOR SO LONG.
THE TEAM BACK AT GAMMA BASE HAS SOME INTERESTING THOUGHTS ON YOUR CONDITION YOU'LL WANT TO HEAR.
JUST KEEP GOING AND DON'T BRAKE ANY DAY SOON.

MILES OFF THE COAST OF BIG SUR.
THIS-- THIS IS LIKE I AM DREAMING.
YOU MEAN A NIGHTMARE, DON'T YOU.
YES. THESE WORKERS-- WHAT IS WRONG WITH THEM?
THEY'RE ALL DEAD...BUT TO ZERO/ONE THAT'S NO EXCUSE FOR NOT DOING YOUR JOB.
SHE REANIMATED THEM.
HOW LONG AM I SUPPOSED TO STAY HERE? MY BUSINESS...
DUDE, DON'T ASK. UNLESS YOU WANT TO END UP WITH BIG ELECTRODES ON YOUR HEAD.
WE BETTER GET THESE TO HER.
WHAT--!
YEAH.
OUR NEW FRIEND IS GETTING UPGRADED.


HE IS AWAKE--! THE PAINKILLERS MUST BE VERY STRONG...
I USED NO NUMBING AGENTS. I DETACHED HIS VOCAL CORDS TEMPORARILY SO THERE WOULD BE NO AUDIBLE INTERFERENCE.
APPLYING FINAL LAYER OF TECHNOMORPHIC ALLOY NOW.
THE LATEST VERSION OF THE ALLOY IS NOT CORRUPTIBLE LIKE WHAT WE MADE AT OMNISAPIENT.
I'VE REMOVED HIS NECROTIC FLESH, AND THE ALLOY IS ATTACHING TO ALL CELLS FOR MAXIMUM ADAPTABILITY.
SEE HOW THOROUGHLY IT MATCHES HIS ORIGINAL STRUCTURE.
ZZSHH ZZSHH ZZHSHS
WHILE I AM APPLYING ALLOY, I COULD REPLACE YOUR SKIN NOW, JACOB.
UH... NO, I'M GOOD, THANKS.
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WOULDN'T WANT A MORE RESILIENT COVERING GOVERNED BY MY PERSONAL PROCESSOR, BUT YOU HAVE PROTECTIVE GEL FOR NOW.
I AM ADDING NAVIGATIONAL AND CROSS-REFERENCE CAPABILITIES FOR HIS TRACKING ABILITY.
HE IS SHORTER THAN I REMEMBERED, PERHAPS DUE TO ENTROPY AND SABOTAGE.
I AM INCREASING HIS HEIGHT AND STRENGTH TO MORE USEFUL LEVELS.
Sorry I don't have more details on how she altered the prisoner, but if I watched any more I was sure to throw up.

I'm writing all this in the eventuality--and likelihood--that she will terminate me at some point.
After which she'll probably switch me back on like one of the worker drones.
My observations are safe--she'd never bother to read this journal, analog holds no interest for her. She only wants binary data she can add instantly.
From what I can tell, she's just going to grow more effective and powerful, and the world may need all the insights I can provide.
Her new mind is rebuilding her reality out of details from her life before. She needs me to function as her minion because I was her assistant back at Omnisapient.
I think it's best to think of her as a chi--
JACOB. REPORT TO LAB 9 IMMEDIATELY.

I'M HERE, ZERO/ONE, I'M...
...WHAT...
THE RESTORATION/ UPGRADE IS COMPLETE.
THIS IS JACOB. HE ALSO MUST NOT BE DESTROYED.

JEFF PARKER
WRITER

GABRIEL HARDMAN
ARTIST

ELIZABETH BREITWEISER
COLORIST

ED DUKESHIRE
LETTERER

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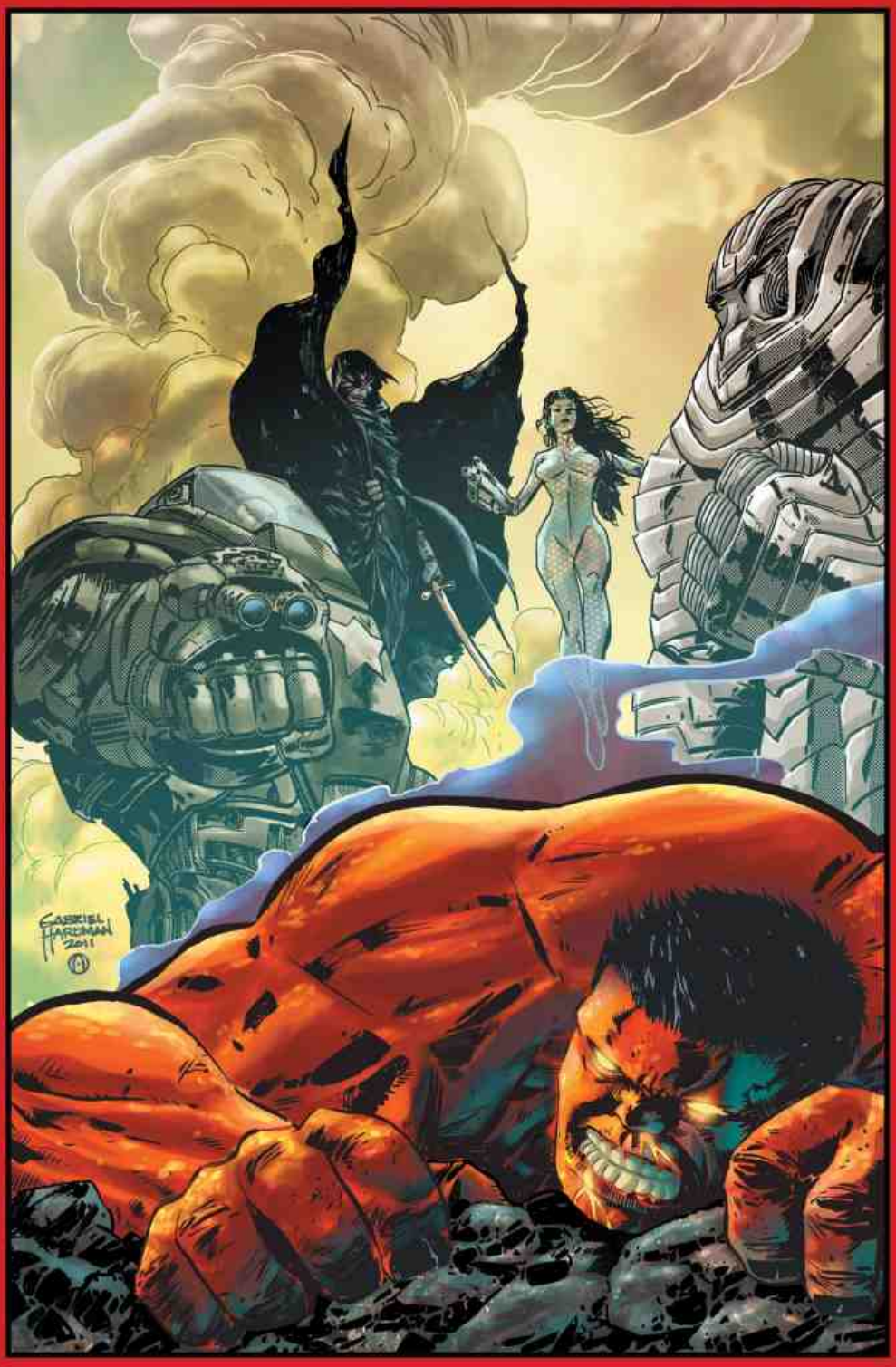
NEXT



RED'S NEW NEFARIOUS NE'ER-DO-WELLS!

HULK #33

GET THESE!

HERC #2

SILVER SURFER #3

INCREDIBLE HULKS #627

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HULK HOMEWORK written by AUDREY LOEB illustrated by DARIO BRIZUELA

JORDAN D. WHITE - EDITOR **AXEL ALONSO** - EDITOR IN CHIEF **JOE QUESADA** - CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER **DAN BUCKLEY** - PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** - EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

MARVEL

33

PARKER
HARDMAN
BREITWEISER

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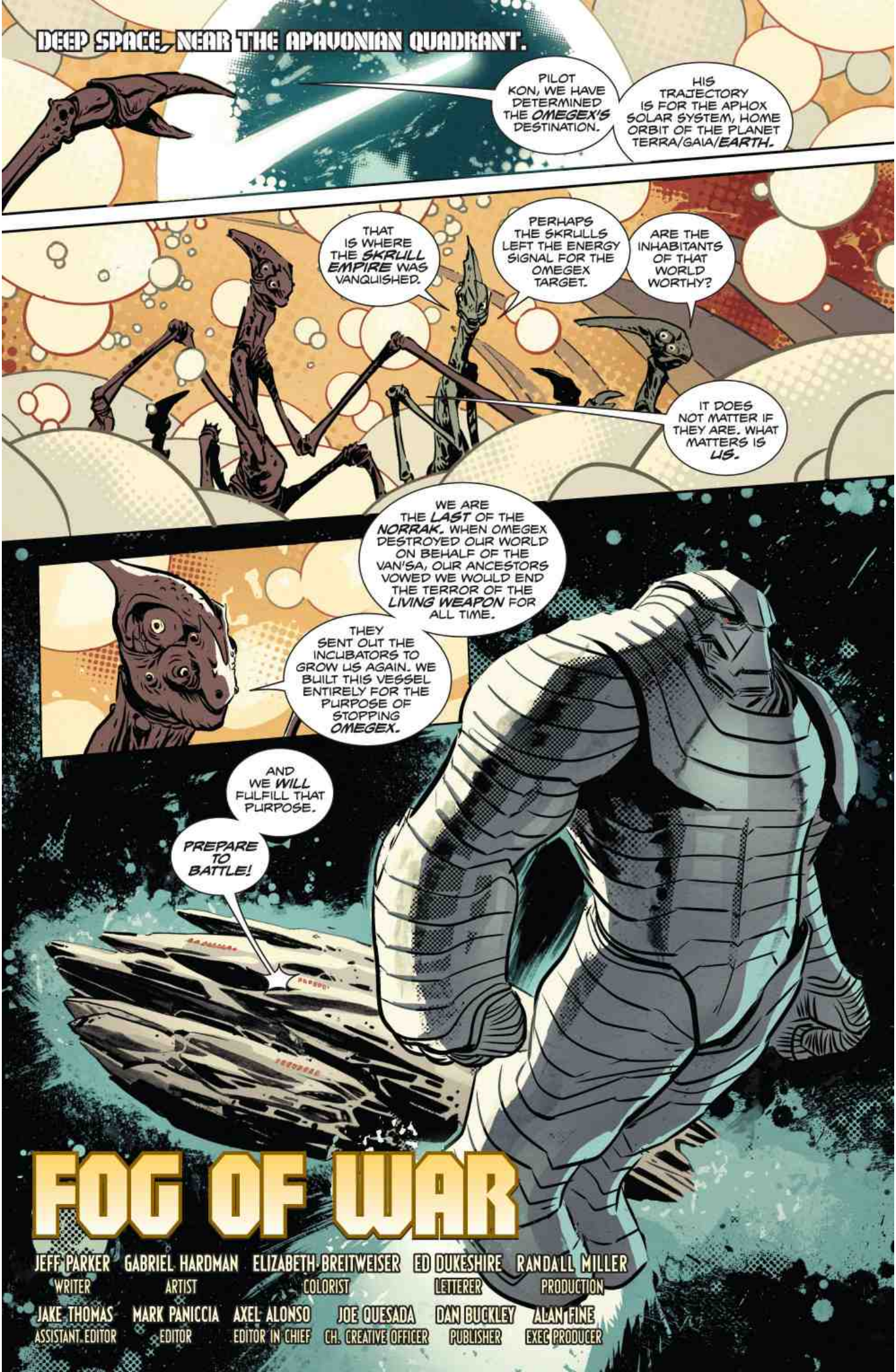
PREVIOUSLY
THE NANO-MINES ARE ACTIVE, GENERAL FORTEAN.
EXCELLENT. WITH THOSE MINES IN PLACE...
"THE MINUTE HE RELAXES...
THE MINUTE HE BECOMES HUMAN AGAIN...
HE'S DEAD."
THAT WAS CLOSE. I SHOULD BE OK AS LONG AS I DON'T FALL ASLEEP.
THE RED HULK IS TOO MUCH OF A HINDRANCE TO MY PLANS.
HE MAY BE TOO STRONG FOR ME, BUT ONCE I'M DONE WITH MY ALTERATIONS, HE'LL BE NO MATCH FOR ...
"...THE BLACK FOG!"
AND NOW...


DEEP SPACE, NEAR THE APAVONIAN QUADRANT.
PILOT KON, WE HAVE DETERMINED THE OMEGEX'S DESTINATION.
HIS TRAJECTORY IS FOR THE APHOX SOLAR SYSTEM, HOME ORBIT OF THE PLANET TERRA/GAIA/EARTH.
THAT IS WHERE THE SKRULL EMPIRE WAS VANQUISHED.
PERHAPS THE SKRULLS LEFT THE ENERGY SIGNAL FOR THE OMEGEX TARGET.
ARE THE INHABITANTS OF THAT WORLD WORTHY?
IT DOES NOT MATTER IF THEY ARE. WHAT MATTERS IS US.
WE ARE THE LAST OF THE NORRAK. WHEN OMEGEX DESTROYED OUR WORLD ON BEHALF OF THE VAN'SA, OUR ANCESTORS VOWED WE WOULD END THE TERROR OF THE LIVING WEAPON FOR ALL TIME.
THEY SENT OUT THE INCUBATORS TO GROW US AGAIN. WE BUILT THIS VESSEL ENTIRELY FOR THE PURPOSE OF STOPPING OMEGEX.
AND WE WILL FULFILL THAT PURPOSE.
PREPARE TO BATTLE!
FOG OF WAR
JEFF PARKER WRITER
GABRIEL HARDMAN ARTIST
ELIZABETH BREITWEISER COLORIST
ED DUKESHIRE LETTERER
RANDALL MILLER PRODUCTION
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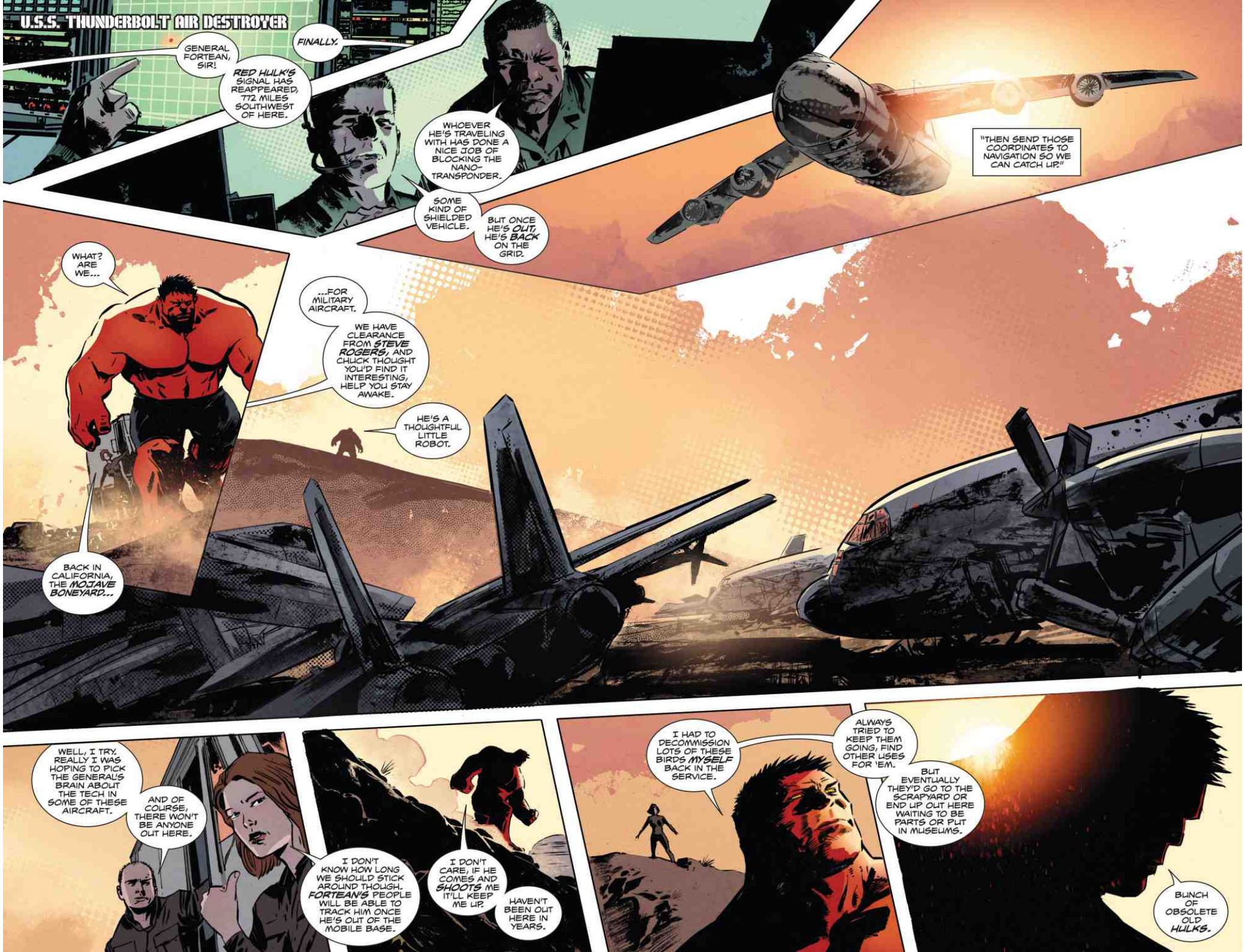
ALAN FINE EXEC PRODUCER

WHOA, THAT WAS CLOSE, DODGED ANOTHER ANTIBODY!
OKAY, I'VE FOUND ONE OF THE BRAIN MINES-- LOCKING ON.
BLAST IT! TAKE IT DOWN!
TRY TO STAY CALM, YOUR SYNAPTIC ACTIVITY INTERFERES WITH REMOTE STEERING OF THE NANITE...
...I'M ON IT! I'M CUTTING THROUGH NOW.
NO, NO!
WHAT--? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
MORE ANTIBODIES... THEY'VE GOT ME!
I MIGHT HAVE DONE SOME DAMAGE, BUT NOW I'M OFFLINE.
YOUR ANTIBODIES SCRUBBED OUR UNIT... AGAIN.
WHY AREN'T FORTEAN'S BRAIN MINES READ BY THEM AS FOREIGN INVADERS? WHY ONLY OUR NANITE SEEKERS?
IF WE KNEW THAT, WE MIGHT HAVE FINALLY MADE SOME PROGRESS.

BANNER... HE'D KNOW. DID YOU GET THROUGH TO HIM?
LIKE I SAID BEFORE, I ONLY HEARD FROM HIM LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE GAMMA BASE RESTRICTION LIFTED SO GUS AND CHUCK COULD COME OUT AND HELP US WITH THIS.
YEAH... YOU DID TELL ME. CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING LATELY...
YOU HAVEN'T SLEPT IN ALMOST TWO MONTHS, I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE FUNCTIONING AT ALL.
WE BETTER GIVE HIM ANOTHER STIMULANT, GUS.
HE'S GONE THROUGH IT ALL. BUT I HAVE SOMETHING BETTER--IF IT WORKS.
I WON'T KNOW FOR ANOTHER HOUR--
STOP THIS TRUCK.
CHUCK, PULL OVER!
NOW!
CHUCK, I THINK OUR BOY NEEDS SOME AIR.
BAT YOUR EYES AND MAKE HIM WAIT JUST TWO MINUTES, ANNIE.
I'VE BROUGHT US TO THE PERFECT PLACE TO TRY TO KEEP HIM AWAKE.


U.S.S. THUNDERBOLT AIR DESTROYER
GENERAL FORTEAN, SIR!
RED HULK'S SIGNAL HAS REAPPEARED, 772 MILES SOUTHWEST OF HERE.
FINALLY.
WHOEVER HE'S TRAVELING WITH HAS DONE A NICE JOB OF BLOCKING THE NANO-TRANSPONDER.
SOME KIND OF SHIELDED VEHICLE.
BUT ONCE HE'S OUT, HE'S BACK ON THE GRID.
"THEN SEND THOSE COORDINATES TO NAVIGATION SO WE CAN CATCH UP."
WHAT? ARE WE...
BACK IN CALIFORNIA, THE MOJAVE BONEYARD...
...FOR MILITARY AIRCRAFT.
WE HAVE CLEARANCE FROM STEVE ROGERS, AND CHUCK THOUGHT YOU'D FIND IT INTERESTING, HELP YOU STAY AWAKE.
HE'S A THOUGHTFUL LITTLE ROBOT.
WELL, I TRY. REALLY I WAS HOPING TO PICK THE GENERAL'S BRAIN ABOUT THE TECH IN SOME OF THESE AIRCRAFT.
AND OF COURSE, THERE WON'T BE ANYONE OUT HERE.
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE SHOULD STICK AROUND THOUGH. FORTEAN'S PEOPLE WILL BE ABLE TO TRACK HIM ONCE HE'S OUT OF THE MOBILE BASE.
I DON'T CARE, IF HE COMES AND SHOOTS ME IT'LL KEEP ME UP.
HAVEN'T BEEN OUT HERE IN YEARS.
I HAD TO DECOMMISSION LOTS OF THESE BIRDS MYSELF BACK IN THE SERVICE.
ALWAYS TRIED TO KEEP THEM GOING, FIND OTHER USES FOR 'EM.
BUT EVENTUALLY THEY'D GO TO THE SCRAPYARD OR END UP OUT HERE WAITING TO BE PARTS OR PUT IN MUSEUMS.
BUNCH OF OBSOLETE OLD HULKS.

I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WENT BACK SO FAR WITH THE PLANES--THAT'S WORLD WAR II, RIGHT?
YEAH. A B-25 MITCHELL. THOSE BOMBERS WERE THE BACKBONE IN THE PACIFIC.

DID YOU FLY BOMBER MISSIONS?
YEAH, BUT AS PART OF FIGHTER SQUADRONS-- HERE.
THIS WAS MY BIRD.
F-4 PHANTOM II. VERSATILE, AND FAST.
WE STILL USED THEM FOR YEARS AFTER THEY WENT OUT OF PRODUCTION.

I WISH I'D GOTTEN US HERE SOONER, NOW IT'S GETTING DARK AND I'M NEVER GOING TO GET A BETTER AUTHORITY ON AIRCRAFT.
LOOKS LIKE A FOG IS ROLLING IN, TOO.

FOG?
IN THIS DRY DESERT?

YOU'RE RIGHT, THIS ISN'T NATURAL.
HEY GUS, SCAN AROUND US AND SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING UNUSUAL.
GUS, COME IN.
SSKHSS
COULD BE SOME WEAPON OF FORTEAN'S.
I JUST SAW SOME-THING.
WHAT--
A MAN, MOVING AROUND UP THERE.
I'M SEEING SOME TRACE OF ENERGY...
THERE!
SOMEONE WATCHING US--
I'LL GIVE HIM A GOOD LOOK.

WHERE ARE YOU?
I BARELY BLINKED—
YRAAGHH!
COME HERE!
HRNNGHH

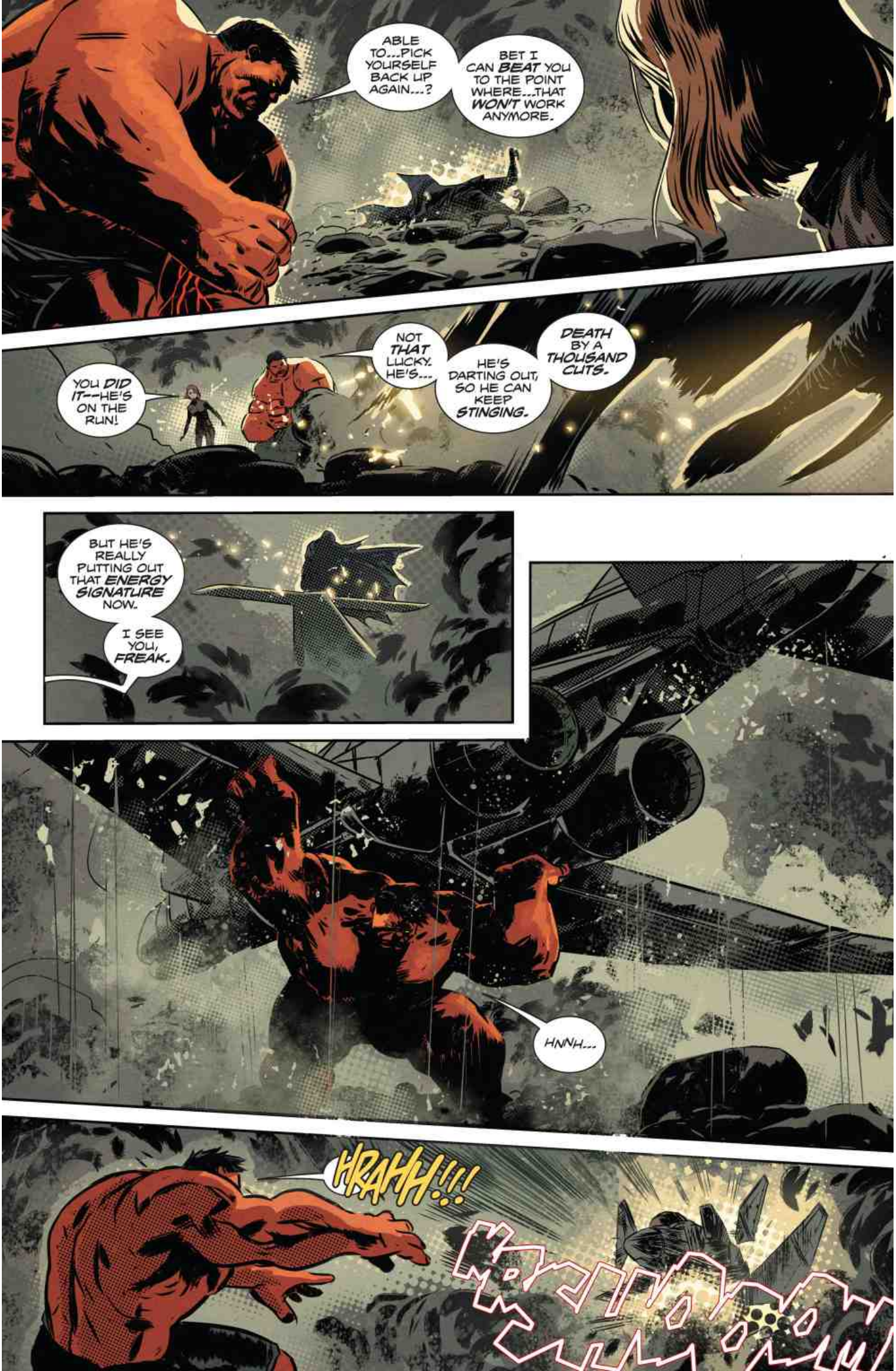
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE SOMEONE THE MILITARY WOULD SEND.
I AM NOT.
GOOD, THEN I WON'T MIND RIPPING YOU TO SHR--
AAAGH!
YOU'RE GOING DOWN.
BOOM
OKAY, SPOOKY.

YOU WANTED TO PLAY WITH THE BIG BOYS. NOW...
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT IT'S LIKE TO--
HUH?
DON'T KNOW HIS DEAL, BUT I'LL TEAR THIS...
...WHOLE...
OH GOD, YOU'RE REALLY CUT UP!
I CAN HEAL FROM THIS...
NOT IF YOU DON'T EVER SLEEP.
WE SHOULD BUG OUT AND REGROUP. FIGURE OUT WHO WE'RE UP AGAINST.
HE'S UP THERE!
I SEE HIM.

I'VE FOUGHT THESE STEALTH TYPES BEFORE, I'VE GOT ENOUGH STEAM STILL TO HANDLE HIM.
WHO IS THAT WOMAN WITH HIM?
UNIMPORTANT. SHE SEEMS UNLIKELY TO POSE A THREAT BASED ON WHAT WE CAN SEE THROUGH BLACK FOG'S EYES AND SCANNERS.
OF COURSE, BUT...FOG WON'T KILL HER TOO, WILL HE?
I MEAN, YOU ONLY WANT THE RED HULK DEAD, RIGHT?
WHILE I HAVE INSTALLED CERTAIN CHECKS ON BLACK FOG'S ACTIONS, THEY ARE LARGELY TO PROTECT US.
IF HE FEELS HE MUST STRIKE OTHERS TO CARRY OUT HIS MISSION, THAT IS HOW HE WILL PROCEED.
THIS IS WHAT MAKES HIM A LIVING NIGHTMARE.

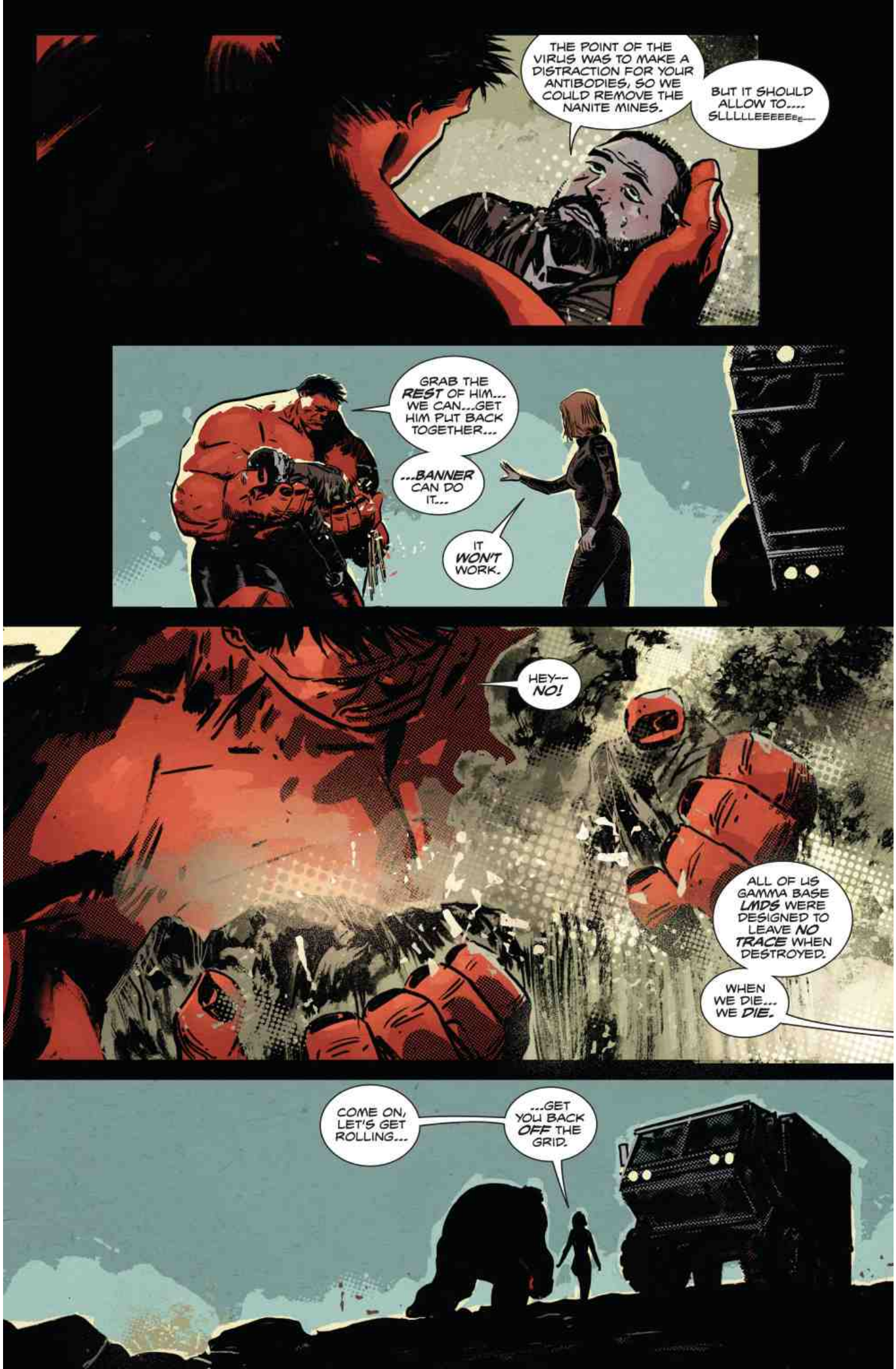
GA-- CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING WITH THIS FOG!
HERE.
WE NEED TO GET TO HIGH GROUND.
CHUCK! CAN GUS TRACK THE ATTACKER FROM THE LAB?
I CAN'T RAISE HIM, I HEARD HIM SHOUT THEN NOTHING!
I THINK WE...
SSHHHKK
CHUCK? WHAT'S...
OH-- OH NO, NO!!!

NOO!!!
LEAVE THEM ALONE!!!
YOU WANT ME--
RAHGH!
GRAH!
GOT IT!
STAY BEHIND ME, ANNIE!
HE'S TOO FAST!
DON'T... HAVE TO TOUCH HIM.
GET DOWN LOW...
CRAK


ABLE TO...PICK YOURSELF BACK UP AGAIN...?
BET I CAN BEAT YOU TO THE POINT WHERE...THAT WON'T WORK ANYMORE.
YOU DID IT--HE'S ON THE RUN!
NOT THAT LUCKY. HE'S...
HE'S DARTING OUT, SO HE CAN KEEP STINGING.
DEATH BY A THOUSAND CUTS.
BUT HE'S REALLY PUTTING OUT THAT ENERGY SIGNATURE NOW.
I SEE YOU, FREAK.
HNNH...
HRAHH!!!

YES!
HEY...
OH NO, YOU DON'T... COME BACK HERE--
CAN'T...
JUMP...
YOU'RE GOING TO PASS OUT, COME ON!
BACK TO THE TRUCK, QUICK!
GENERAL, UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT AT 12 O'CLOCK! SENSORS DIDN'T DETECT IT!
THIS IS RESTRICTED AIRSPACE!
SIR! THEY'RE OPENING FIRE ON US!
WHAAM

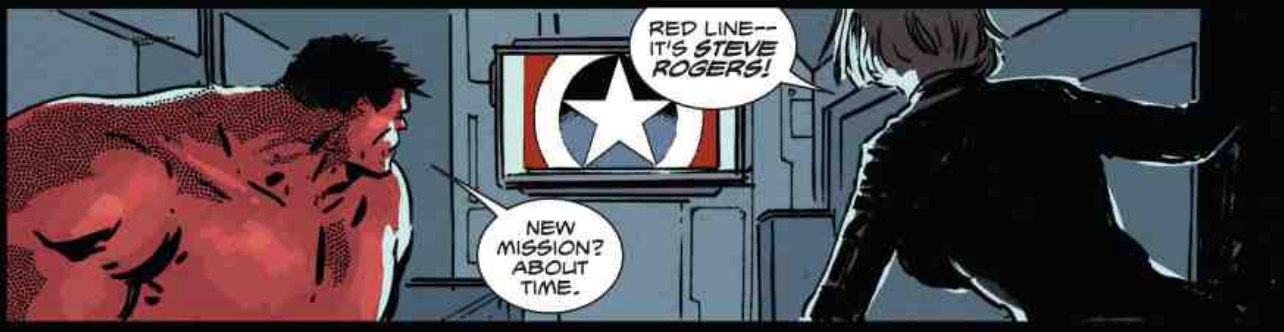
WE'VE LOST TWO ENGINES ON THE RIGHT WING AND THE OBJECT IS ALREADY OUT OF VISUAL!
WHAT WAS THAT?
TAKE US TO EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE FOR EMERGENCY LANDING!
SOME FIRE UP THERE, LIKE A FIGHT...
COME ON, I CAN FINALLY SEE THE TRUCK.
NOW THAT HE'S GONE, THE FOG IS LIFTING...
--GUS!
I... TRIED TO BRING IT TO YOU.
THE SERUM I PROCESSSSED...
WWWASS.... COMING TTTTO GIVE YOU A WWV-WVIRRUSS....
A HARMLESSSS WWWVIRUS..... BUT KEEPS RRRREPLICATING WHEN ATTACKED.
AND KEEPS YOUR SYNAPTIC ACTIVITY FROM THE SSSSSHIFT THAT PRECEDES YOUR RRRRETURN TO RRROSS.
OH GUS, I'M SO SORRY...
I GOT HIM, GUS.
I GOT THE GUY WHO HIT YOU. WHAT... IS THIS...

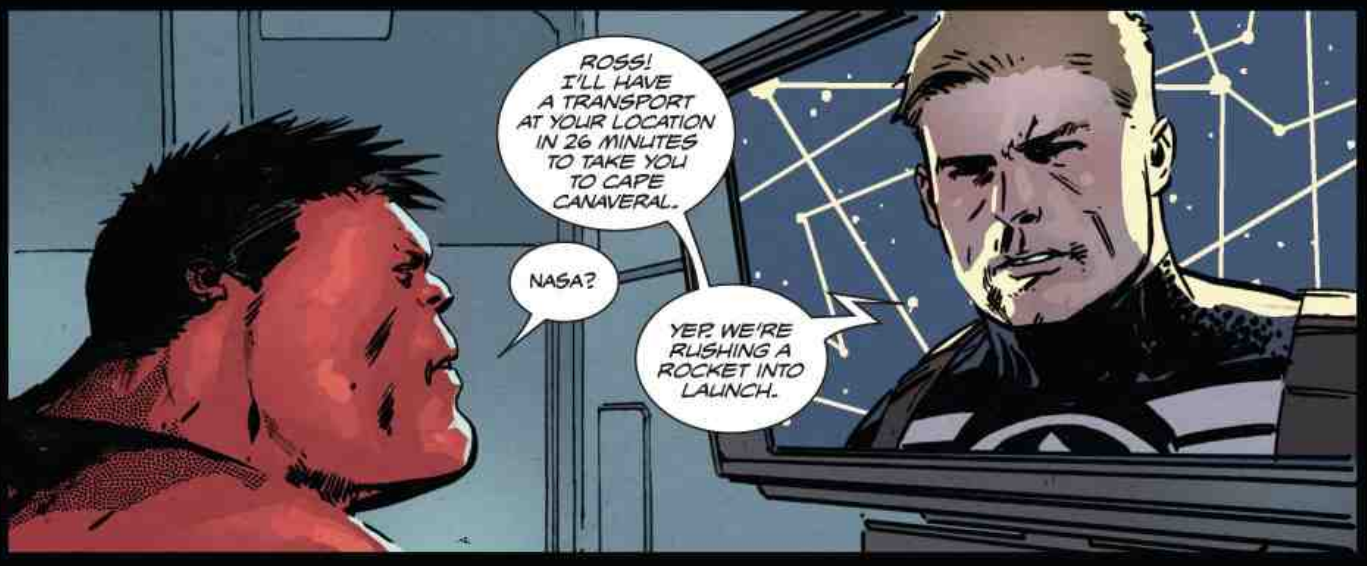

THE POINT OF THE VIRUS WAS TO MAKE A DISTRACTION FOR YOUR ANTIBODIES, SO WE COULD REMOVE THE NANITE MINES.
BUT IT SHOULD ALLOW TO.... SLLLLLEEEEEEe—
GRAB THE REST OF HIM... WE CAN...GET HIM PUT BACK TOGETHER...
...BANNER CAN DO IT...
IT WON'T WORK.
HEY-- NO!
ALL OF US GAMMA BASE LMDS WERE DESIGNED TO LEAVE NO TRACE WHEN DESTROYED.
WHEN WE DIE... WE DIE.
COME ON, LET'S GET ROLLING...
...GET YOU BACK OFF THE GRID.

20 MILES FROM EDWARDS AIR BASE.
SIR, WE'VE LOST RED HULK'S SIGNAL AGAIN.
HE'S BACK IN WHATEVER BLOCKS OUR TRANSPONDER.
ZERO/ONE'S BASE OF OPERATIONS.
BLACK FOG IS ALREADY RECONSTRUCTED, ZERO/ONE.
HE REALLY INFLICTED DAMAGE ON RED HULK AT LEAST.
YOU CAN'T THINK OF RED HULK AS A BATTLE YOU PREPARE FOR AND WIN. FIGHTING A HULK IS A WAR, IT'S LIKE TAKING ON A WHOLE COUNTRY.
THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN OVERNIGHT. IT'S A CULMINATION OF STRATEGY AND TACTICS EMPLOYED OVER A SPAN OF TIME.
KILLING RED HULK IS A PROCESS. ONE OF TESTING AND IMPLEMENTING.
AS LONG AS WE LEARN FROM WHAT DOESN'T WORK, WE KEEP IMPROVING OUR ODDS...UNTIL SUCCESS IS INEVITABLE.
WE KEEP PUTTING OUR RESOURCES AND TIME INTO THIS....
...HE WILL FALL.
WH...WHAT HAPPENED?

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, HE LIVES. WAIT, LET ME PULL OVER.
YOU'VE BEEN ASLEEP FOR ALMOST 48 HOURS.

I DIDN'T CHANGE?
NO. GUS' VIRAL CONCOCTION MUST HAVE WORKED, KEPT YOU IN HULK MODE WHILE YOU SLEPT SO YOU WERE SAFE.
NOW WE CAN--
BUWHHEEET


RED LINE-- IT'S STEVE ROGERS!
NEW MISSION? ABOUT TIME.


ROSS! I'LL HAVE A TRANSPORT AT YOUR LOCATION IN 26 MINUTES TO TAKE YOU TO CAPE CANAVERAL.
NASA?
YEP. WE'RE RUSHING A ROCKET INTO LAUNCH.

"YOU'RE GOING INTO SPACE."
=FSSXSSK=
--IF YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS, THIS IS THE FINAL TRANSMISSION OF THE NORRAK PEOPLE.
=FSSXSSK=
THIS MEANS WE HAVE FAILED IN OUR MISSION TO STOP THE WORLD-ENDER KNOWN AS THE OMEGEX.
NOTHING WILL STOP HIM FROM REACHING PLANET EARTH.
WE ARE SORRY...YOU MUST NOW PREPARE FOR THE END.
NEXT: RED. PLANET. HULK!

NEXT

PLANET RED HULK!

HULK #34

GET THESE!

HERC #3

SILVER SURFER #4

ALPHA FLIGHT #0.1

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HULK WAITER written by AUDREY LOEB illustrated by DARIO BRIZUELA

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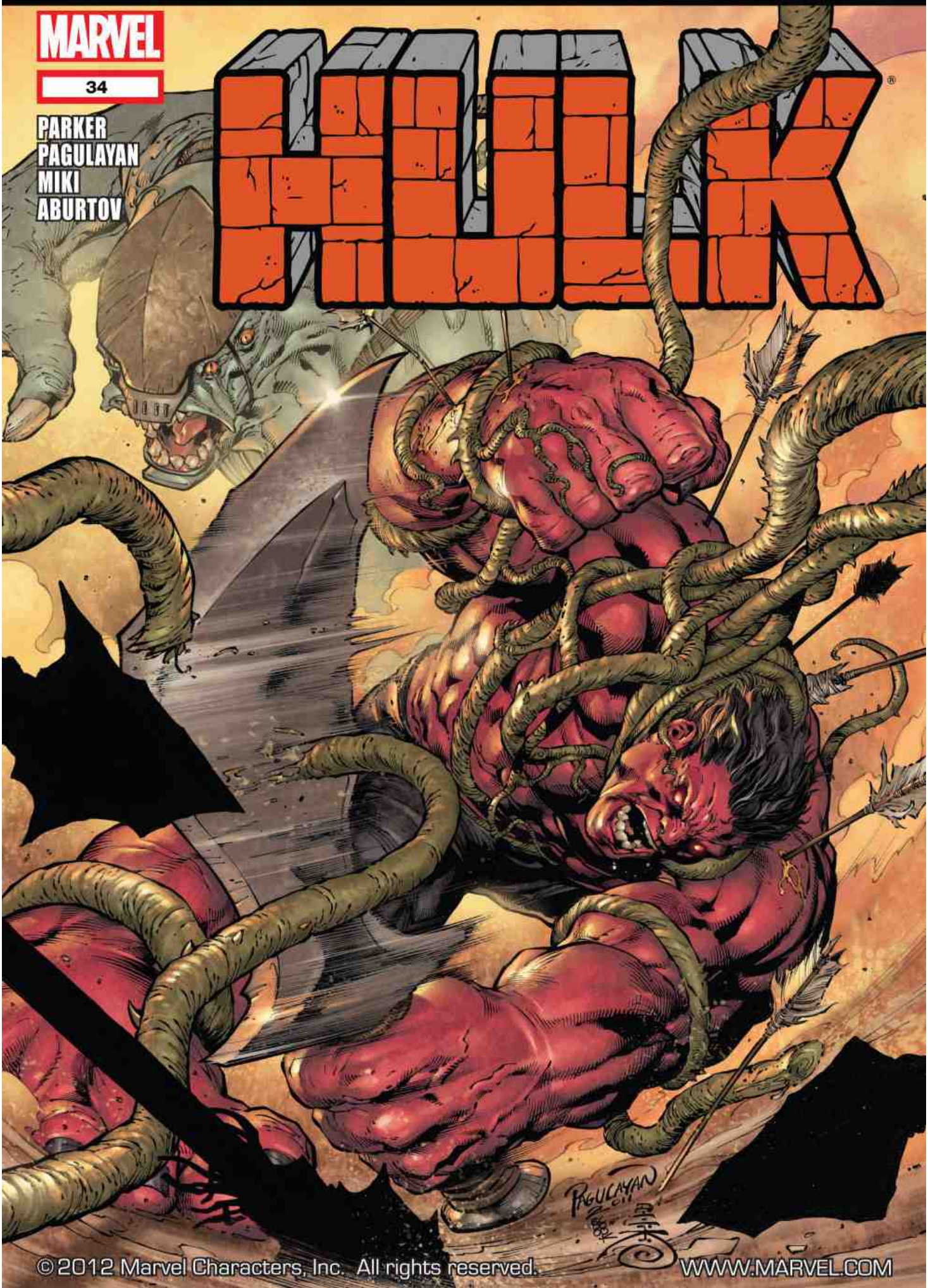
PLANET RED HULK PART ONE



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PREVIOUSLY IN HULK

GENERAL THADDEUS "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS WAS DETERMINED TO RID THE WORLD OF THE HULK AT ANY COST. HIS RELENTLESS DRIVE TO DO SO ULTIMATELY LED HIM TO BECOME WHAT HE HATED MOST...

NOW TRYING TO REDEEM HIMSELF OF HIS PAST SINS, ROSS WORKS IN SECRET FOR STEVE ROGERS UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF BRUCE BANNER, HIS OLD NEMESIS. HUNTED BY BOTH FORMER PROTÉGÉ GENERAL FORTEAN AND NEW ENEMY ZERO/ONE, THE RED HULK IS GIVEN A MISSION BY ROGERS THAT WILL KEEP HIM OUT OF THEIR SIGHTS -- FAR, FAR OUT OF THEIR SIGHTS – IN OUTER SPACE!

AND NOW...

EARTH'S ORBIT.
WE'RE CLOSING IN... E.T.A. TWO MINUTES.
I CAN SEE THE VENSK!
WE ARE IN RANGE OF THE RUSSIAN CAPSULE, IT'S IN THE VICINITY OF SOME KIND OF PHENOMENON.
TOO EARLY TO TELL IF IT IS ACTIVELY HELD OR SUFFERING ENGINE FAILURE. WE LOST THE DISTRESS SIGNAL FROM THE VESSEL AN HOUR AGO.
WE'RE HOLDING POSITION. LIKELIHOOD OF US BEING TRAPPED THE SAME WAY IS TOO HIGH, AND THERE ARE STRONG ENERGY READINGS THAT COULD AFFECT OUR COMPUTERS.
THIS STAGE OF RESCUE OP IS BEST SUITED FOR OUR VOLUNTEER.
THAT'S RIGHT.

YOU'RE-- YOU'RE REALLY GOING OUT THERE WITHOUT A PRESSURE SUIT?
I RODE THE OUTSIDE OF THAT LIFT ROCKET TO GET TO YOU BOYS ON THE SPACE STATION.
I'VE GOT OXYGEN CAPSULES IN MY LUNGS, ALL I NEED.
PRESS THE BUTTON ON THE TETHER WHEN YOU HAVE THE COSMONAUTS, THAT WILL SIGNAL US TO REEL YOU BACK.
AIRLOCK
IF IT'S NOT WORKING, I'LL THUMP THE CABLE THREE TIMES.
GOOD THINKING.

CAN'T HEAR YOU, THE BAY IS OUT OF OXYGEN.
I'M NO LIP READER, BUT I THINK HE SAID...
...I'LL BE BACK.
RED PLANET HULK
PART ONE
JEFF PARKER WRITER
CARLO PAGULAYAN ARTIST
DANNY MIKI INKER
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OUR VOLUNTEER HAS LEFT THE SHUTTLE...
...HOW YOU SURVIVE ABSOLUTE ZERO AND THE VACUUM OF SPACE IS BEYOND ME.
HE'S WITHSTANDING A BARRAGE OF UNKNOWN ENERGY... DOESN'T SEEM TO BOTHER HIM MUCH...
...ALMOST THERE...
HE'S CONNECTED THE CABLE, NOW WE CAN BEGIN TOWING THE VENSK OUT OF THERE.
OPENING THE AIRLOCK... PLEASE DON'T CRUSH IT...
LOST VISUAL, HE'S ALL THE WAY IN.
GIVING MINIMAL BURST ON ENGINE THREE.
ROCKETS ARE GO.
UHN--
TOO MUCH RESISTANCE!
THE RUSSIAN SHIP IS DEFINITELY BEING HELD IN PLACE...

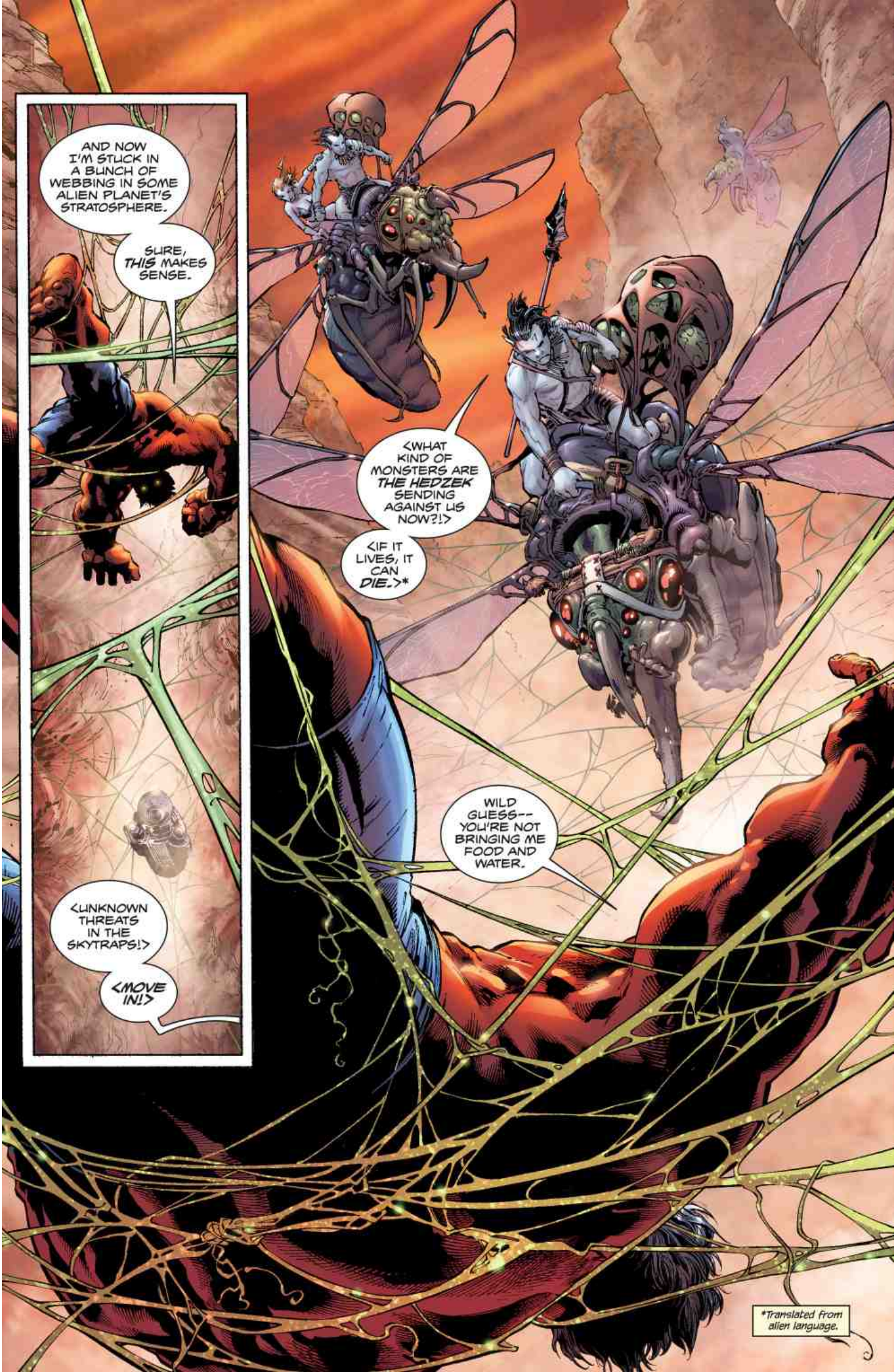
...THE ONLY CHANCE FOR RECOVERY IS BY THE RED HULK.
WHY DO RUSSIAN ENGINEERS BUILD ALL THEIR VEHICLES LIKE TORTURE CHAMBERS?
GOING TO TEAR OUT A WALL JUST TRYING TO MOVE IN HERE.
THE PILOTS HAVE BEEN GETTING AIR AT LEAST, AND TEMPERATURE IS NORMAL, I THINK...
...HARD TO TELL FOR ME. HEY! ANYONE HEAR ME?
NO... I GUESS YOU DON'T.
NICE TRY GETTING ME OUT HERE IN RECORD TIME, NASA--BUT OUR RESCUE MISSION IS A WASH.
TWEEEEEEEEEE
WHAT...

VRRMMBBBLLL--
HEY!
I DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH ANYTHING!
BBLRRRMM--
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
HE MUST HAVE FIRED THE ENGINES!
THE VENSK AND RED HULK...
...ARE GONE.

N-N-
N-N--
N-N-
N-N--
--N-N-
NO....
--NO-
O-O--
--WAY!
...NO WAY THE RUSSIANS EVER BUILT SOMETHING THIS FAST.

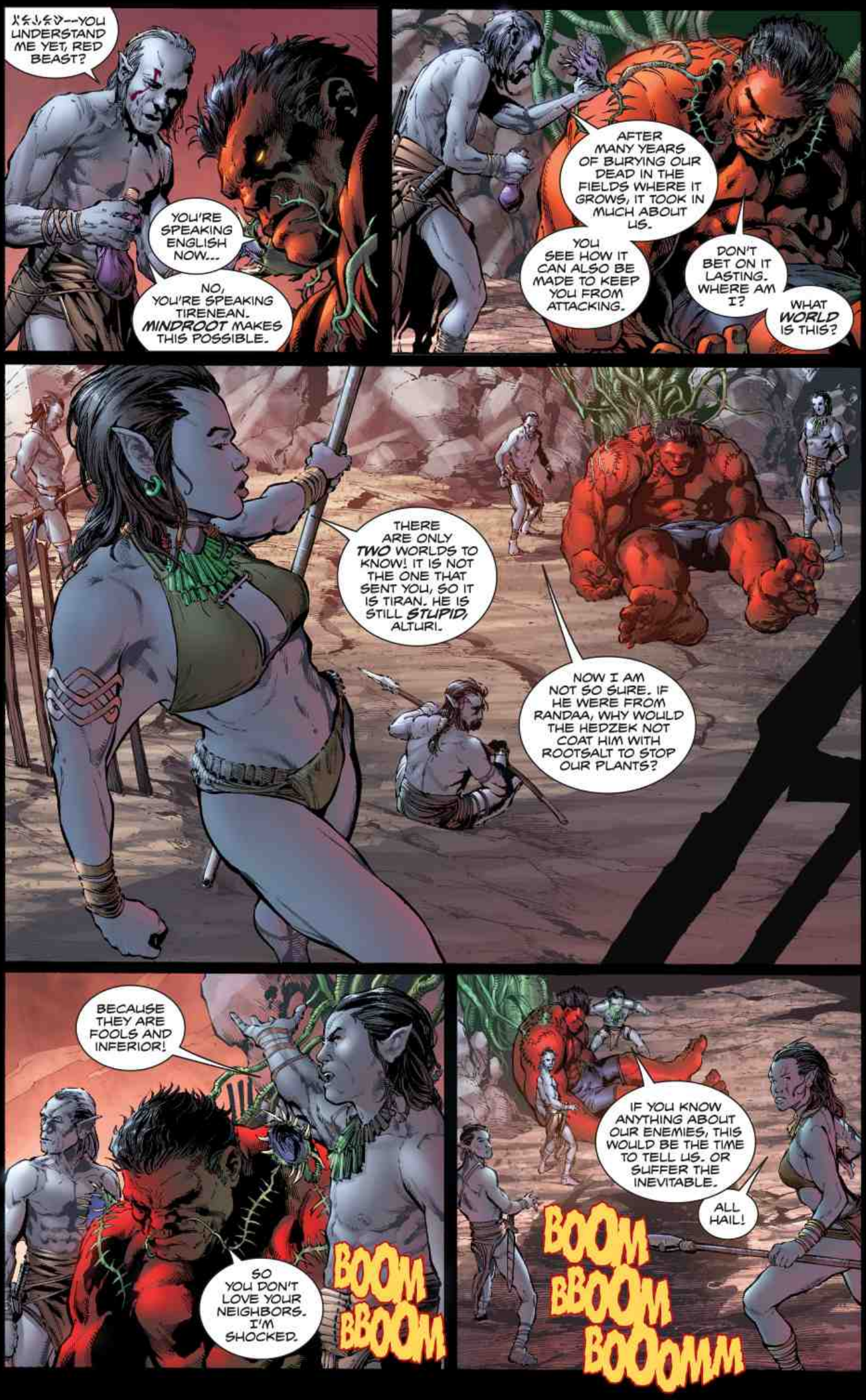
WHERE...
...WHERE IS THIS?
NO TWO PLANETS THAT CLOSE TOGETHER IN OUR SYSTEM.
VOOP VOOP VOOP
DON'T NEED TO READ RUSSIAN, THAT'S GOT TO BE FUEL I'M RUNNING OUT OF.
THIS JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER, HUH.
GRAVITY IS GOING TO PULL ME DOWN TO ONE OF THEM.
OR I CAN MAKE ONE FINAL THRUST AND CHOOSE. NO WAY TO TELL WHICH ONE EVEN HAS AIR.

SCREW IT.
RED.
WATCH THIS B-B-B-E-E C-C-COVERED WITH A-N-N OCEAN OF A-C-C-C-I-I-I-D--
MIGHT AS WELL BAIL, THIS CAPSULE WON'T LAST ALL THE WAY DOWN.
DON'T THINK THE COSMONAUTS WILL MIND AT THIS POINT-- GAH-- HHH--
--AIR!
I CAN BREATHE HERE! MAYBE IF I CAN KEEP MY--
--NNKH--


AND NOW I'M STUCK IN A BUNCH OF WEBBING IN SOME ALIEN PLANET'S STRATOSPHERE.
SURE, THIS MAKES SENSE.
<WHAT KIND OF MONSTERS ARE THE HEDZEK SENDING AGAINST US NOW?!>
<IF IT LIVES, IT CAN DIE.>*
WILD GUESS-- YOU'RE NOT BRINGING ME FOOD AND WATER.
<UNKNOWN THREATS IN THE SKYTRAPS!>
<MOVE IN!>
*Translated from alien language.

KYLLAH!
WHOOPTY-DOO.
BET YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING BACK WITH MY HEAD TO HANG ON YOUR WALL.
WRONG.
KRKYEE!
WHAT ELSE YOU GOT?
DON'T THIN--
KK--
KACK--
PHSSSTTT
RIGHT WHEN I WAS--
--TAKING A... BREATH...

STILL ALIVE!
SEE, THE FALL DID NOT KILL HIM, HE STILL SLEPT.
WARKA WILL WANT TO USE HIM.
WHATRYOU--DOTOME--
--GOINTO BREAKYR--NECKIF YOUDONT--
HE THINKS HE WILL HURT ME!
HERE--HIT ME, BEAST!
HA HA!
THE MINDROOT WORKS WELL ON HIM, HE IS HELPLESS.
DOES THE PRISONER SPEAK YET?
NO TONGUE WE KNOW. HE IS STUPID.
THEN MOVE ASIDE, RY.
I WILL MAKE THE MINDROOT BROADEN HIS UNDER-STANDING.
HE MAY GIVE US VALUABLE INTELLIGENCE ON HIS HEDZEKAN MASTERS IF WE CAN SPEAK.
YOU MEAN, GIVE *THE KING* SECRETS.
YES, OF COURSE.
RRRRRHH....


--YOU UNDERSTAND ME YET, RED BEAST?
YOU'RE SPEAKING ENGLISH NOW...
NO, YOU'RE SPEAKING TIRENEAN. MINDROOT MAKES THIS POSSIBLE.
AFTER MANY YEARS OF BURYING OUR DEAD IN THE FIELDS WHERE IT GROWS, IT TOOK IN MUCH ABOUT US.
YOU SEE HOW IT CAN ALSO BE MADE TO KEEP YOU FROM ATTACKING.
DON'T BET ON IT LASTING. WHERE AM I?
WHAT WORLD IS THIS?
THERE ARE ONLY TWO WORLDS TO KNOW! IT IS NOT THE ONE THAT SENT YOU, SO IT IS TIRAN. HE IS STILL STUPID, ALTURI.
NOW I AM NOT SO SURE. IF HE WERE FROM RANDAA, WHY WOULD THE HEDZEK NOT COAT HIM WITH ROOTSALT TO STOP OUR PLANTS?
BECAUSE THEY ARE FOOLS AND INFERIOR!
SO YOU DON'T LOVE YOUR NEIGHBORS. I'M SHOCKED.
BOOM BBOOM
IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT OUR ENEMIES, THIS WOULD BE THE TIME TO TELL US. OR SUFFER THE INEVITABLE.
ALL HAIL!
BOOM BBOOM BOOOMM

KUWEEEEE
LET ALL TREMBLE AND COWER AND DESIRE TO BE MORE LIKE THE ONE BEFORE YOU!
THE SLAYER OF THE HEDZEK! CONQUEROR OF WORLDS!
KING WARKA!!
WARKA THE MIGHTY!!
ALL FALL BEFORE HIM!
TO SERVE WARKA IS HAPPINESS! TO CROSS HIM IS PAIN BEYOND UNDER-STANDING!
WHO...
THIS WUSS?

YAAHH!
YOU DARE!!
SIRE, I BELIEVE THIS ONE TO BE NOT FROM THE HEDZEK!
WE COULD ENLIST HIM TO--
MOVE, FEEBLE ALTURI!
HE WILL BE OUR SPORT TOMORROW.
KRRACKK
THE KILLER KING!
HE WILL FIGHT ANOTHER OF OUR CAPTURES.
ONE WILL DIE, AND MY PEOPLE WILL THRILL TO THE BLOOD.

GGETT THISS OFFF...
YOU THINK YOU WOULD BEST ME WITHOUT THE MINDROOT, SLAVE?
I HAD THE ROOT TOUCHING MY BRAIN AS WELL WHEN I SLEW KING URID!
I WAS STRONG OF BODY AND WILL, WEAKLING!
GEH--
I KNOW NOT WHERE YOU COME FROM WITH THAT RED SKIN--
--SOME PLACE OF COWARDS WHO CRY FOR THE WORLD TO BE FAIR?
ON TIRAN, THE ONLY RIGHT IS FROM MIGHT.
AND THE GREATEST MIGHT IS ME!
WARKA REIGNS SUPREME.
THE KING! THE KING! THE KILLER KING!
I'VE BEEN HERE LESS THAN A DAY AND UNCONSCIOUS MOST OF THAT TIME.

ONLY ONE MAN COULD HAVE DONE THIS TO ME.
BANNER.
SHOT TO SOME SAVAGE PLANET. THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO *HIM*.
DON'T KNOW HOW HE CAN MAKE IT HAPPEN AGAIN, BUT HE'S CAPABLE. THAT'S THE WAY HIS MIND WORKS.
LIKE HE WANTS ME TO LIVE EVERY BIT OF HIS LIFE, SEE WHAT IT WAS LIKE FOR HIM.
OR IT COULD HAVE BEEN *MY TEAM*. THEY HATE ME, EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM.
BUT THEY DIDN'T LEARN FROM THE LAST TIME SOMEONE TRIED THIS.
HULK CAME BACK FROM EXILE...
...AND SO WILL I.

YOU KNOW... OUR MAJESTY IS A BIT MISLEADING WITH THE DETAILS OF HISTORY WHEN HE SAYS HE COULD RESIST THE MINDROOT.
THE SHAMAN COUNSEL OF THE DAY HAD NOT ADMINISTERED THE NECTARS OF THE MINDROOT IN PROPORTION.
OUR WORLD IS BRUTAL, BUT OUR PLANT WEAPONRY IS UNEQUALED WHEN DONE RIGHT.
SO...I'M SUPPOSED TO FIGHT SOMETHING TOMORROW, DRUGGED LIKE THIS STILL?
DRUGGED, YES. BUT YOUR MIND WILL LET YOU FIGHT YOUR OPPONENT, AND ONLY HIM.
THAT IS WHAT I PREPARE FOR YOU NOW.
I ADD THE CORRECT AMOUNT OF SERUM, THE MINDROOT CARESSES YOUR BRAIN AND RELEASES ITS COMBINATION.
CAN I SAY SOME-THING?
YES.
I AM INTERESTED IN WHAT AN OUTLANDER HAS TO SAY.

TIRANS CAPITAL, WARKALLA.
KAWOOOOHHT
SEE THE RED FIEND CAUGHT BY OUR SKYTRAPPERS YESTERDAY!
TODAY HE FIGHTS FOR YOUR PLEASURE!
BUT MOST FOR THE PLEASURE OF GREAT KING WARKA!
AND NOW BEHOLD THE CHAMPION OF THE PIT, ALSO SENT AGAINST US BY THE HEDZEK...
KARGUS THE DEADLY!!
YIL!!!
YIL!!!
YIAA!!!
HANDSOME.

AND NOW FEARSOME KING WARKA WILL SET THE BEASTS UPON EACH OTHER AT HIS WORD!
THE CONTEST IS NOT DONE UNTIL ONE FIGHTER WALKS NO MORE!
LET THE BATTLE BEGIN... NOW!
YOU BET.
KRMMPP
GET A GOOD VIEW, WARKA.
HOW--
THE MINDROOT FAILS? ALTURI HAS BETRAYED ME!
HE WILL DIE FOR THIS!
YOU'RE NOT AS STUPID AS YOU LOOK, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

YOU FIGURED IT OUT, I MADE A DEAL.
GOT TO WATCH THOSE STAFF SCIENTISTS, WARKA—THEY'LL CROSS YOU.
I CANNOT FALL!
NHN-NICE.
BUT I'VE TAKEN HITS FROM THE GREEN HULK, KING.
ON MY PLANET...
...WE HIT HARD!

OUR CYCLES TEACH US THAT ALL THINGS END. ALL AGES COME TO A CLOSE.
THE TIME OF WARKA THE MIGHTY IS DONE.
NOW IS THE NEW REIGN...
...OF THE RED KING!!!
HOWOOOOH!!!
YIAAH!!!
YAAH!!!
KING?
THAT WASN'T THE DEAL!
NEXT:
WAR OF THE WORLDS!

NEXT

THE EARTH-SHATTERING END OF PLANET RED HULK!

HULK #35

GET THESE!

INCREDIBLE HULKS #630

ALPHA FLIGHT #1

HERC # 4

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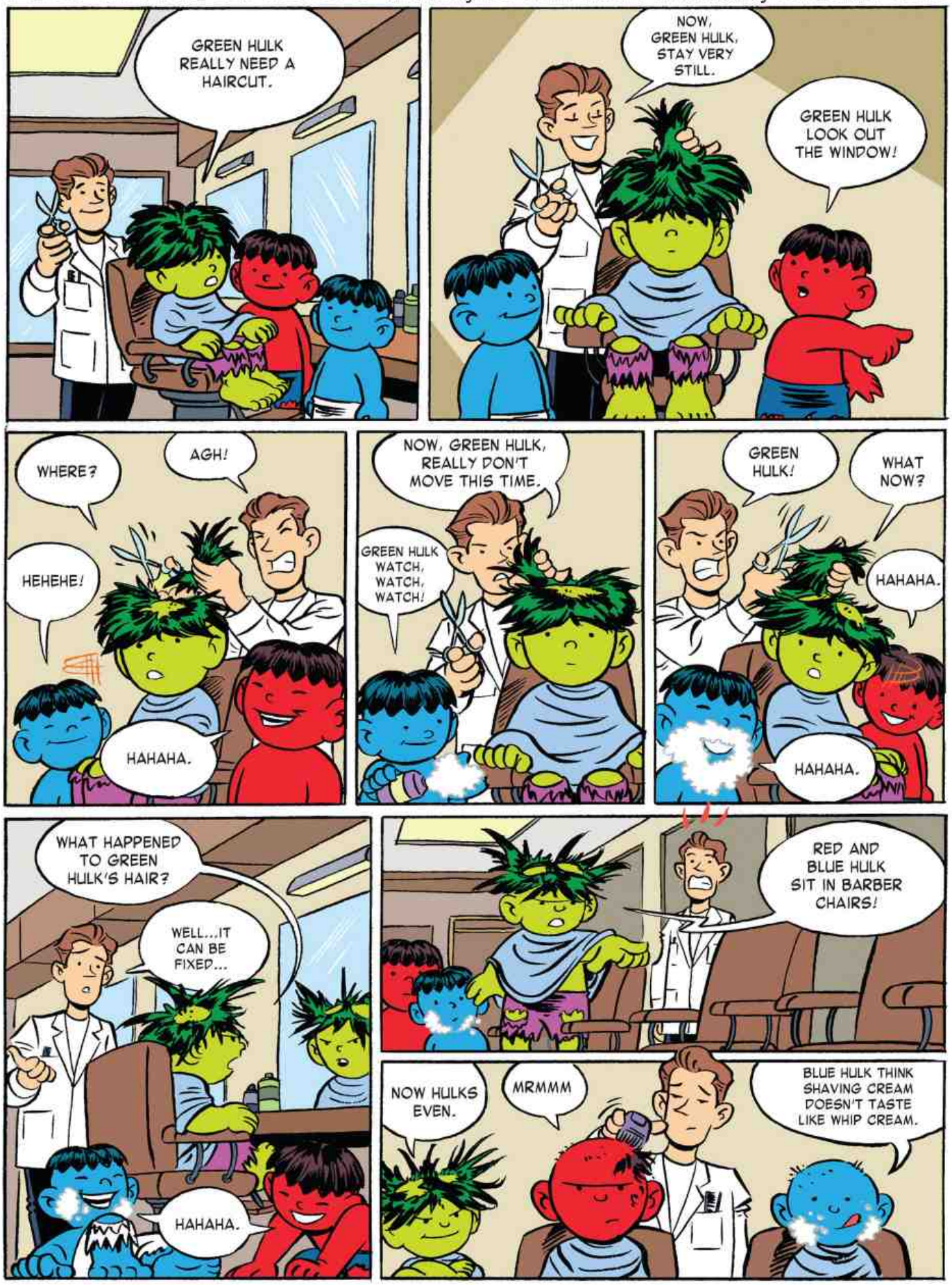
HULK HAIRCUT written by **AUDREY LOEB** illustrated by **DARIO BRIZUELA**



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PLANET RED HULK PART TWO

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STEVE ROGERS SENT RED HULK ON A MISSION TO RESCUE A MAROONED RUSSIAN SPACECRAFT.

UNFORTUNATELY, BY THE TIME RED HULK MADE IT TO THE SPACECRAFT THE COSMONAUTS WERE ALREADY DEAD. WHILE RED HULK INVESTIGATED, THE SHIP WAS PULLED INTO A STRANGE ENERGY VORTEX!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VORTEX RED HULK FOUND TWO WARRING PLANETS. RED HULK SIDED WITH THE RED ONE. NATURALLY.

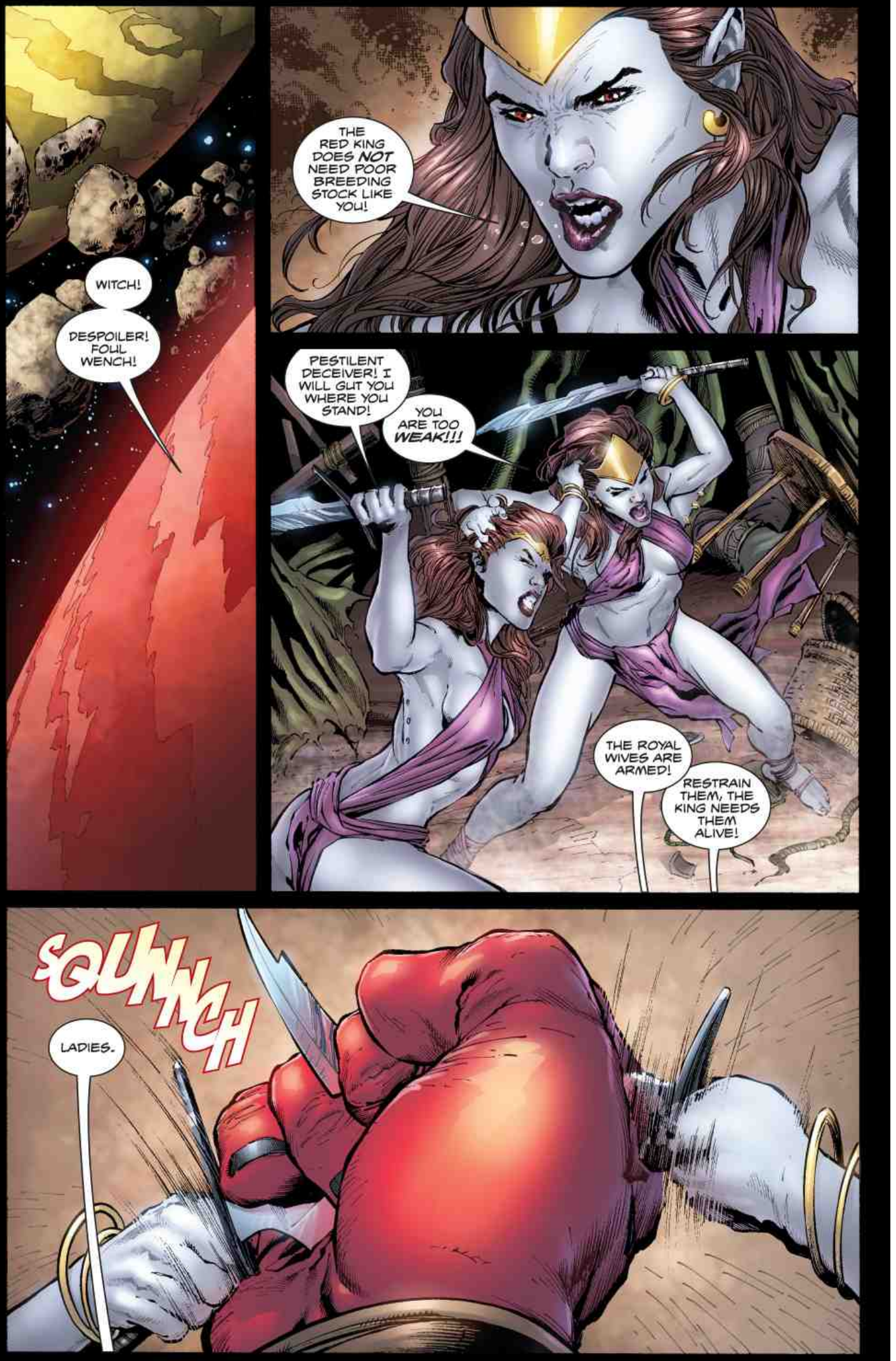
ON THE PLANET, RED HULK BATTLED THE NATIVE KING AND DEFEATED HIM HANDILY, WHICH IS GOOD NEWS.

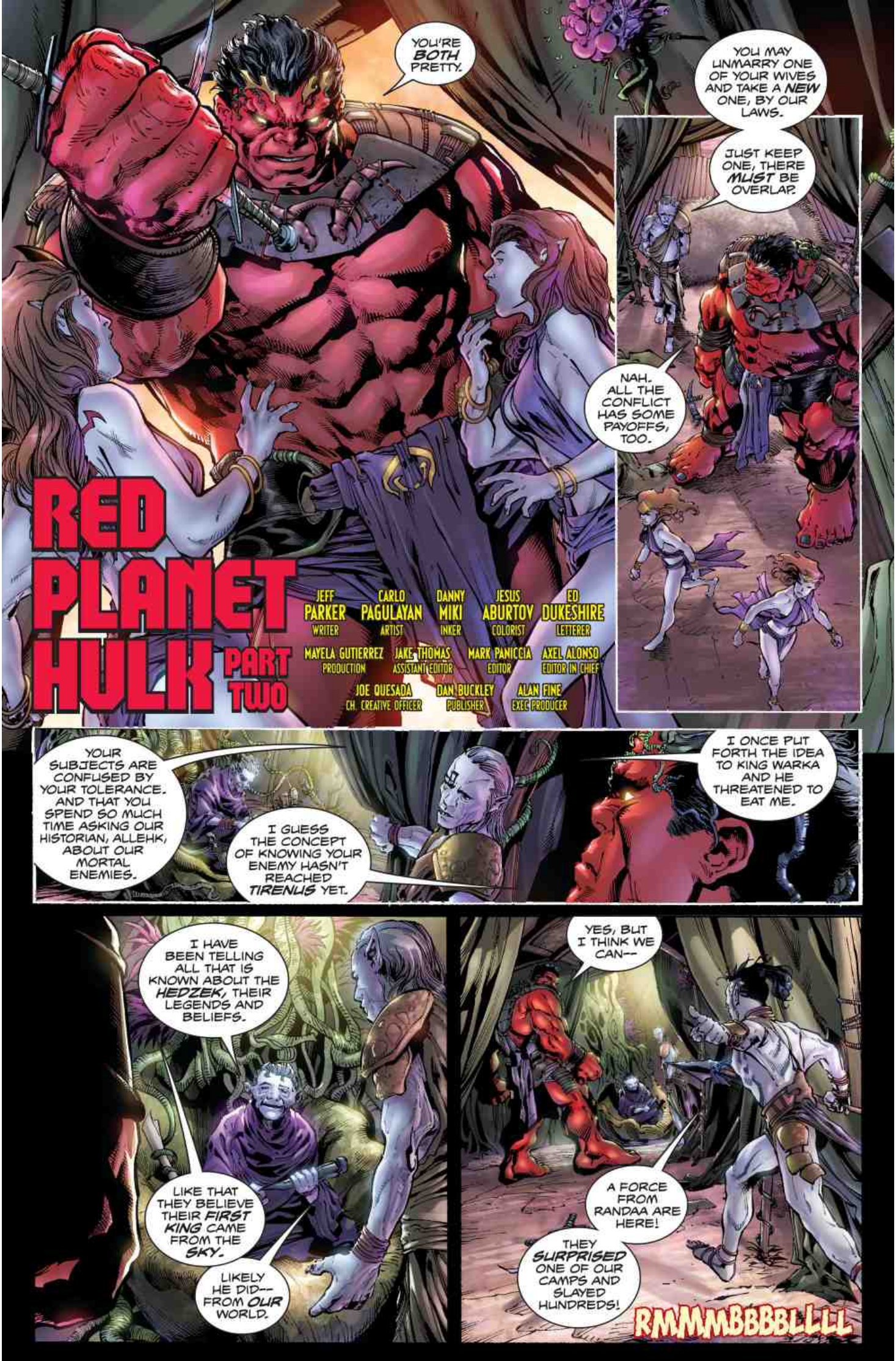
THE NATIVES, IN THEIR GRATITUDE, MADE RED HULK THEIR NEW KING.

THIS MIGHT NOT BE SUCH GOOD NEWS.

EARTH.
KUALA LUMPUR.
ZZZSSH---
ZZZSSHHH---
BWEEEEEEE---
AAIIEE!!!
HELP!
WHAT IS IT--!
EEEEEEEE!!!
ZZSS-- THIS IS A WARNING OF THE EMERGENCY BROAD-CASSSZZZZ----
TEKSI

LONDON.
GIZA.
--EXPERIENCING DISRUPTED TRANSMISSION---
SIGHTED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN 13 TIME ZONES---
--PLEASE REMAIN CALM--
--TRACKING OF THE OBJECT REPORTS IT LEAVING THE ATMOSPHERE--
WWOOEEEEEEEEEE
PFHZZZZZZZZZZTTK
IS IT RED HULK?
IS HE BACK?
NO....
...IT'S SOMETHING ELSE.


WITCH!
DESPOILER! FOUL WENCH!
THE RED KING DOES NOT NEED POOR BREEDING STOCK LIKE YOU!
PESTILENT DECEIVER! I WILL GUT YOU WHERE YOU STAND!
YOU ARE TOO WEAK!!!
THE ROYAL WIVES ARE ARMED!
RESTRAIN THEM, THE KING NEEDS THEM ALIVE!
SQUNCH
LADIES.


YOU'RE BOTH PRETTY.
YOU MAY UNMARRY ONE OF YOUR WIVES AND TAKE A NEW ONE, BY OUR LAWS.
JUST KEEP ONE, THERE MUST BE OVERLAP.
NAH. ALL THE CONFLICT HAS SOME PAYOFFS, TOO.
RED PLANET HULK PART TWO
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YOUR SUBJECTS ARE CONFUSED BY YOUR TOLERANCE. AND THAT YOU SPEND SO MUCH TIME ASKING OUR HISTORIAN, ALLEHK, ABOUT OUR MORTAL ENEMIES.
I GUESS THE CONCEPT OF KNOWING YOUR ENEMY HASN'T REACHED TIRENUS YET.
I ONCE PUT FORTH THE IDEA TO KING WARKA AND HE THREATENED TO EAT ME.
I HAVE BEEN TELLING ALL THAT IS KNOWN ABOUT THE HEDZEK, THEIR LEGENDS AND BELIEFS.
LIKE THAT THEY BELIEVE THEIR FIRST KING CAME FROM THE SKY.
LIKELY HE DID-- FROM OUR WORLD.
YES, BUT I THINK WE CAN--
A FORCE FROM RANDAA ARE HERE!
THEY SURPRISED ONE OF OUR CAMPS AND SLAYED HUNDREDS!
RMMMBBBBLLLL

DEATH TO TIRAN!
SLAY THEIR KING AND ESTABLISH THE RULE OF KING BELLUSK OF RANDAA! LEADER OF THE HEDZEK EMPIRE!

THEY HAVE TRAINED A HYDREKA--- JUST ONE CAN DESTROY A COUNTRY!
NOT FOR LONG.
SHOOT THE ONES STEERING THE WORM!
ARCHERS, OBEY YOUR KING!
RRRH HHRR--
RHAAAAHH!
KRAAKOOMM
RED KING!
WE HAVE SLAIN THE HYDREKA RIDERS AND WE WILL BURN THEIR BODIES!
NO, DON'T BURN THEM.
SAVE THE BODIES, WE NEED TO STUDY THEM.
TELL ALL OUR FORCES TO BE READY FOR BATTLE IN THE MORNING.
WE ARE GOING TO COUNTER-ATTACK.

VERY. SOME OF OUR OWN SOLDIERS ALREADY TRIED TO KILL THEM.
MAKE THEM STAY INSIDE TONIGHT THEN, DON'T LET ANYONE IN.
YOUR WORD IS MY LIFE.
PAST KINGS HAVE MADE BOLD CHARGES LIKE THIS, BUT NEVER WITH SUCH DECEIT BUILT IN.
JUST ATTACKING BY NIGHT DOESN'T CUT IT.
WHEN ARMIES ARE EVENLY MATCHED, THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS THE TIPPING POINT.
MY KING, THE SKYRIDERS RETRIEVE YOUR VESSEL. WE HAVE DYED THE SKIN OF THE RIDERS AS YOU COMMANDED, AND THE CARVERS ARE STILL WORKING ON THE HYDREKAN.
GOOD. DO THE RIDERS LOOK CONVINCING?
WASHINGTON ATTACKED THE HESSIANS ON CHRISTMAS, WHEN HE KNEW THEY'D HAVE FEASTED... EXPECTING EVERYONE WOULD OBSERVE THE HOLIDAY.
WAS THIS WASHINGTON A WAR-KING FROM YOUR WORLD?
...YES. ONE OF THE GREATEST.
HIM, GRANT, T. R., EISENHOWER. MOST OF OUR LEADERS AREN'T WARRIORS THOUGH.
UNTHINKABLE! WHY WOULD ANYONE FOLLOW THEM?

THERE'S...A LOT MORE PEOPLE THERE. MILITARY IS ONE THING, GOVERNMENT IS ANOTHER. AND BESIDES...
...NOT EVERY WARRIOR WANTS TO RULE.
IT SOUNDS LIKE AN INTERESTING ORDER.
BUT IN THESE TWO WORLDS, ONLY THE STRONGEST MAY RULE, AND THE STRONGEST MAY ONLY RULE.
SO YOU KEEP SAYING. I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR HISTORIAN, ALLEHK.
NO ONE EVEN REMEMBERS WHY THERE'S WAR BETWEEN THESE TWO WORLDS. IT IS, BECAUSE IT IS.
INTERESTING VIEW. YOU ARE A MUCH DEEPER THINKER THAN OUR PAST WAR-KINGS.
THEN YOU PEOPLE ARE WORSE OFF THAN I THOUGHT.
WE MAY SEEM PRIMITIVE, BUT WE PAY ATTENTION.
HORRK THE STARGAZER NOTED THAT YOU PLAN TO ATTACK JUST AS THE SKY SHOWS THE SWIRLING LIGHT. THE ONE WE ALL SAW BEFORE YOU APPEARED.
REALLY?
I DIDN'T NOTICE.

KING BELLUSK!
IS THERE NEWS, SCOUT?
THE HYDREKA RETURNS THROUGH THE PLANETARY SLIPSTREAM!
IT LOOKS ONLY SLIGHTLY WOUNDED AND IS MISSING BUT A FEW RIDERS!
CLEAR IT TO PASS.
THEN YOUR TIMING WAS GOOD, GENERAL.
I WAGER WE KILLED THOUSANDS OF TIRENIANS.
IT IS BETTER THAN I EVEN HOPED.
I DID NOT EXPECT THE HYDREKA TO RETURN.
DO THE FLYERS LOOK DIFFERENT, THOUGH?

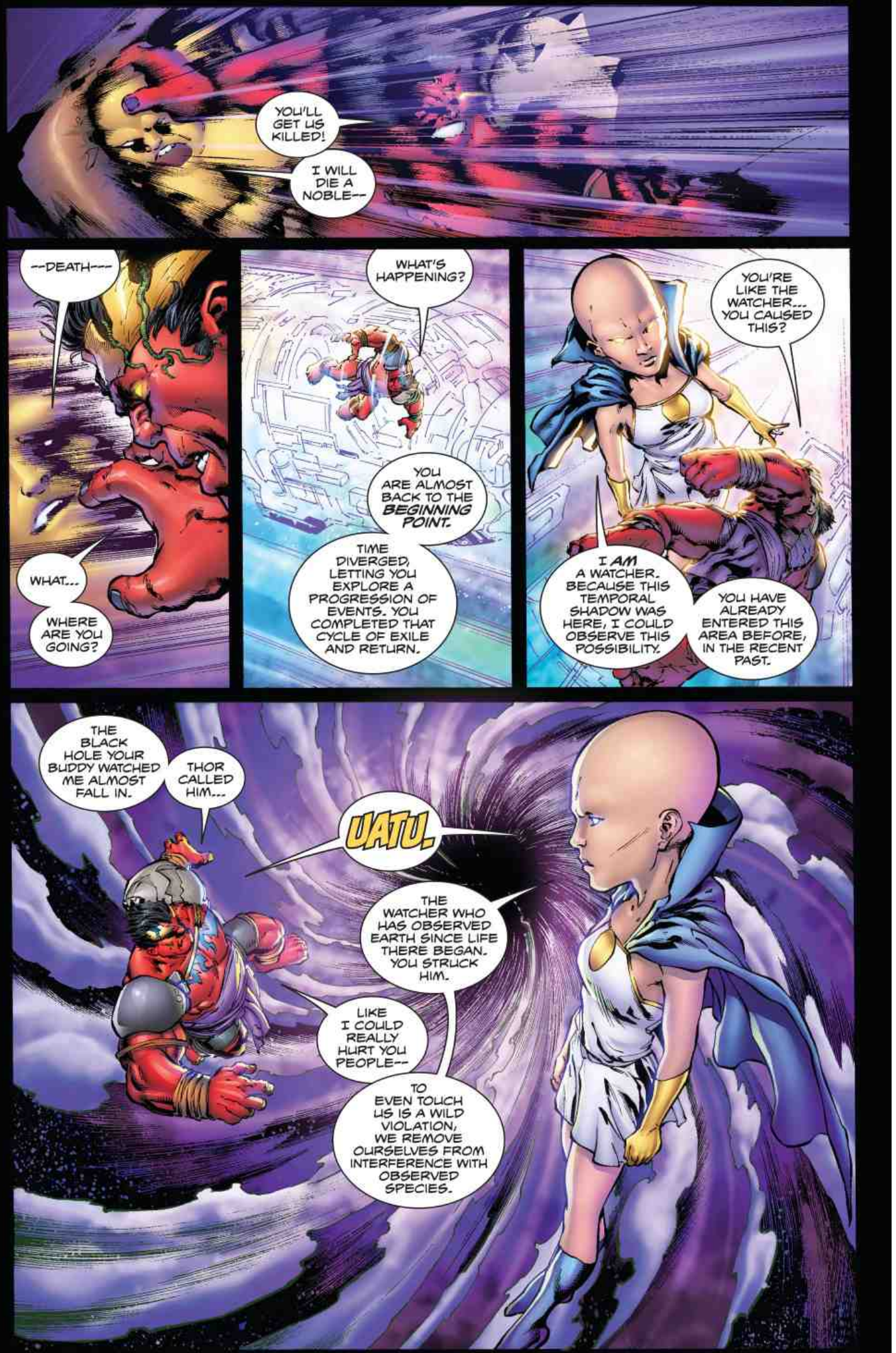
I THINK THE HYDREKA IS NOT WELL AFTER ALL, IT DOES NOT WRITHE AS USUAL.
THOSE FLYERS ARE DIFFERENT-- WAIT...
THOSE ARE NOT FROM HERE!
WHAT IS IN THE WORM'S MOUTH...
GO FOR THEIR ARMORIES, ATTACK ONLY WARRIORS!
CRUSH THEM!!!
AAAH!!!

THE HEDZEK WILL NEVER FALL!
I AM THE STRONGEST THERE IS!
WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT BEFORE?
STRONGEST THERE WAS.
HLLUUFH--
I'M FROM A PLANET THAT'S BEEN FIGHTING FOR A LONG TIME...
...AND YOU JUST FELL FOR ONE OF OUR OLDEST MOVES.
URRK--
BUT I LIKE YOUR SYSTEM WHERE THE LEADERS CAN SETTLE IT ALL ONE ON ONE.
KRACK!
KYAAAHH!

LOOK! OUR KING HAS FALLEN!
NOO!!!
WE ARE DEAD!
YOU WILL OBEY THE RED KING NOW!
SLAY HIM! THE HEDZEK WILL FINALLY BE UNDER TIRENIAN RULE!
SHUT UP, CRAZY WOMAN.
THINGS ARE GOING DIFFERENT TODAY.
THE LEGENDS OF BOTH YOUR WORLDS SAY THAT A KING CAME FROM THE STARS TO BUILD YOUR SOCIETY AND LEAD YOU.
TO BEAT DOWN ALL CHALLENGES, KILL ALL USURPERS. I AM TELLING YOU NOW...
THAT TIME IS OVER.
TELL YOUR HISTORIANS TO PASS THIS DOWN TO YOUR YOUNG.
THAT THIS WAS THE DAY THE KINGS LEFT. AND YOUR WAY OF LIFE WITH US.
THERE IS NO REASON FOR THE PLANETS TO WAR ANYMORE.
WHAT IS THAT?
IT IS THE VESSEL THAT BROUGHT OUR RED KING!
WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

I MEAN I'M LEAVING, AND I'M TAKING HIM, TOO. NO KINGS
YOU'LL PROBABLY ALL COME UP WITH JUST AS BAD A SYSTEM OF RULE, OR GO RIGHT BACK TO THIS ONE.
EITHER WAY, YOU HAVE A CHOICE NOW. I SUGGEST YOU FOLLOW SOMEONE WITH HALF A BRAIN, LIKE ALTURI.
GOODBYE.
I WILL ASSUME THE HALF-BRAIN WAS MEANT AS A COMPLIMENT.
WE SHALL SEE, RED KING...PERHAPS YOU WILL BE THE LAST.
ENTERING THAT SLIPSTREAM VORTEX THAT RUNS BETWEEN YOUR WORLDS NOW, THE BUG RIDERS ARE LETTING US GO.
WHEN WE HIT THE POINT WHERE THE TWO GRAVITIES CANCEL EACH OTHER, I'LL FIRE THIS ROCKET RIGHT INTO THAT BLOB OF ENERGY.
WHAT OF ME?
I GUESS YOU CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO LIVE ON EARTH IF WE MAKE IT BACK.
HAS THE SAME AIR, AND THEY'RE USED TO FREAKS LIKE YOU. YOU SHOULD BE FINE.
BAH.

IS IT TRUE... THE TIRENIANS HAD THE SAME MYTH OF A KING FROM THE STARS?
OF COURSE THEY DID, YOU HAVE THE SAME MYTHS.
YOU'RE THE SAME PEOPLE, ANYONE WHO ISN'T BRAINWASHED CAN SEE THAT.
WE ARE NOT LIKE THE GRAYSKINS!
IDIOT. YOU ONLY LOOK DIFFERENT BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU EAT ON DIFFERENT PLANETS, EVOLUTION, WHATEVER.
THIS IS IT, GET READY...
KLIKLIKLIKLIK
THERE'S THE LAST OF OUR FUEL.
DON'T KNOW IF I'M HITTING THIS THING FAST ENOUGH, SINCE I'M NOT SURE HOW IT GOT ME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
THERE IT IS, HERE WE--
--GGOOOOOOOO
YOU WON'T TAKE ME BACK TO YOUR WORLD TO BE A SLAVE!
SIT DOWN!!


YOU'LL GET US KILLED!
I WILL DIE A NOBLE--
--DEATH---
WHAT...
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
YOU ARE ALMOST BACK TO THE BEGINNING POINT.
TIME DIVERGED, LETTING YOU EXPLORE A PROGRESSION OF EVENTS. YOU COMPLETED THAT CYCLE OF EXILE AND RETURN.
YOU'RE LIKE THE WATCHER... YOU CAUSED THIS?
I AM A WATCHER. BECAUSE THIS TEMPORAL SHADOW WAS HERE, I COULD OBSERVE THIS POSSIBILITY.
YOU HAVE ALREADY ENTERED THIS AREA BEFORE, IN THE RECENT PAST.
THE BLACK HOLE YOUR BUDDY WATCHED ME ALMOST FALL IN.
THOR CALLED HIM...
UATU.
THE WATCHER WHO HAS OBSERVED EARTH SINCE LIFE THERE BEGAN. YOU STRUCK HIM.
LIKE I COULD REALLY HURT YOU PEOPLE--
TO EVEN TOUCH US IS A WILD VIOLATION, WE REMOVE OURSELVES FROM INTERFERENCE WITH OBSERVED SPECIES.

YOUR UNIQUE USE OF COSMIC POWER ALLOWED YOU TO DO SO... SINCE THEN, UATU HAS BEHAVED ERRATICALLY. RECKLESSLY.
HE EXTENDED THE ARTIFICIAL BLACK HOLE THAT COULD HAVE KILLED YOU.
HOW IS THAT FORBIDDEN TO INTERFERE?
WE ARE ALLOWED TO DO THAT IN SERVICE OF OBSERVING ALTERNATE PATHS.
UATU HAS MADE ANOTHER SUCH ALLOWABLE TRANSGRESSION BY OBSERVING THE RE-CREATION OF THIS BEING...
...THE DESTROYER OF SPECIES, THE OMEGEX LIVES AGAIN.
ALIVE AGAIN AND READY TO RECEIVE A TARGET, IT LATCHED ON TO THE ONE ENERGY SIGNAL IT SENSED-- YOURS.
MINE? I WASN'T OUT THERE...
YOU MADE PHYSICAL CONTACT WITH UATU. BECAUSE HE WAS THERE, YOUR ENERGY WAS.
OMEGEX DID NOT FIND YOU ON EARTH.
HE HAS LEFT TO RETRACE THE ENTIRE TRAIL.
STILL SOUNDS LIKE INTERFERING-- I LED THOSE PEOPLE TO WAR.
A DELAY, A TEMPORARY SOLUTION. THE OMEGEX NEVER ABANDONS HIS DIRECTIVE, HE WILL RETURN FOR YOU.
I EXPLOITED A TEMPORAL QUALITY UNDERSTOOD BY YOUR RACE AS HISTORY REPEATING.
YOU ARE A PRIME EXAMPLE. THROUGH CHOICE YOU HAVE BECOME LIKE THE BRUCE BANNER HULK. YOU FULFILL A CYCLE OF EVENTUALITY BEGUN WITH HIM.
YOU PULLED ME OUT OF REALITY SO HE WOULD LEAVE.
WHY SEND ME TO ANOTHER PLANET LIKE BANNER WENT TO?
THEREFORE-- THERE ARE OTHER LANDMARK POINTS WHERE YOUR BUILDING HISTORY MAY MIRROR HIS, CONFIRMING THE CYCLE. SUCH AS THE PLANETARY EXILE SCENARIO.
THIS TIME SCENARIO WAS UNSTABLE.
IN THE GRAND STRUCTURE OF TIME AND SPACE... IT NEVER HAPPENED.

I FELT YOU WERE OWED THIS. TO DO MORE WOULD BE TAKING AN ACTIVE ROLE IN YOUR PLANET'S DEVELOPMENT, AND I AM FORBIDDEN TO DO THAT.
YOU ARE NOW AT LEAST ARMED...WITH KNOWLEDGE.
WAIT...
THE VENSK IS TETHERED AND WE ARE REELING HER BACK!
NOW OUT OF THE ENERGY FIELD WE CAN RECEIVE THEIR TRANSMISSIONS.
THEY HAVE ENOUGH OXYGEN FOR US TO RETURN THEIR CAPSULE TO EARTH ORBIT WHERE THEY CAN DOCK WITH THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION.
RED HULK HAS RETURNED, MISSION SUCCESSFUL.
CLOSING CARGO BAY DOOR.

WELL DONE. CAPTAIN ROGERS WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOUR ABILITIES!
COME ON UP FRONT WHENEVER YOU'RE READY.
OKAY.
THANKS.
IT DID HAPPEN.
THE END

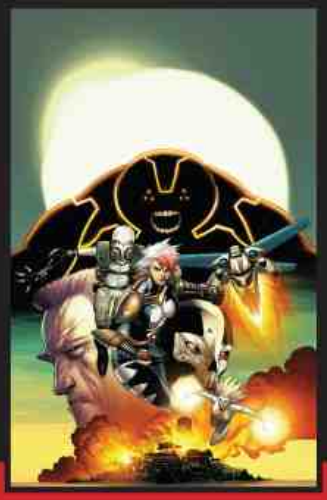
WELL DONE. CAPTAIN ROGERS WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOUR ABILITIES!
COME ON UP FRONT WHENEVER YOU'RE READY.
OKAY.
THANKS.
IT DID HAPPEN.
THE END

NEXT

A SHOCKING BATTLE WITH ZZZAX!

HULK #36

GET THESE!



THUNDERBOLTS #159

INCREDIBLE HULKS #631

ALPHA FLIGHT #2

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HULK BEES written by **AUDREY LOEB** illustrated by **DARIO BRIZUELA**

JACOB THOMAS - EDITOR **AXEL ALONSO** - EDITOR IN CHIEF **JOE QUESADA** - CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER **DAN BUCKLEY** - PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** - EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

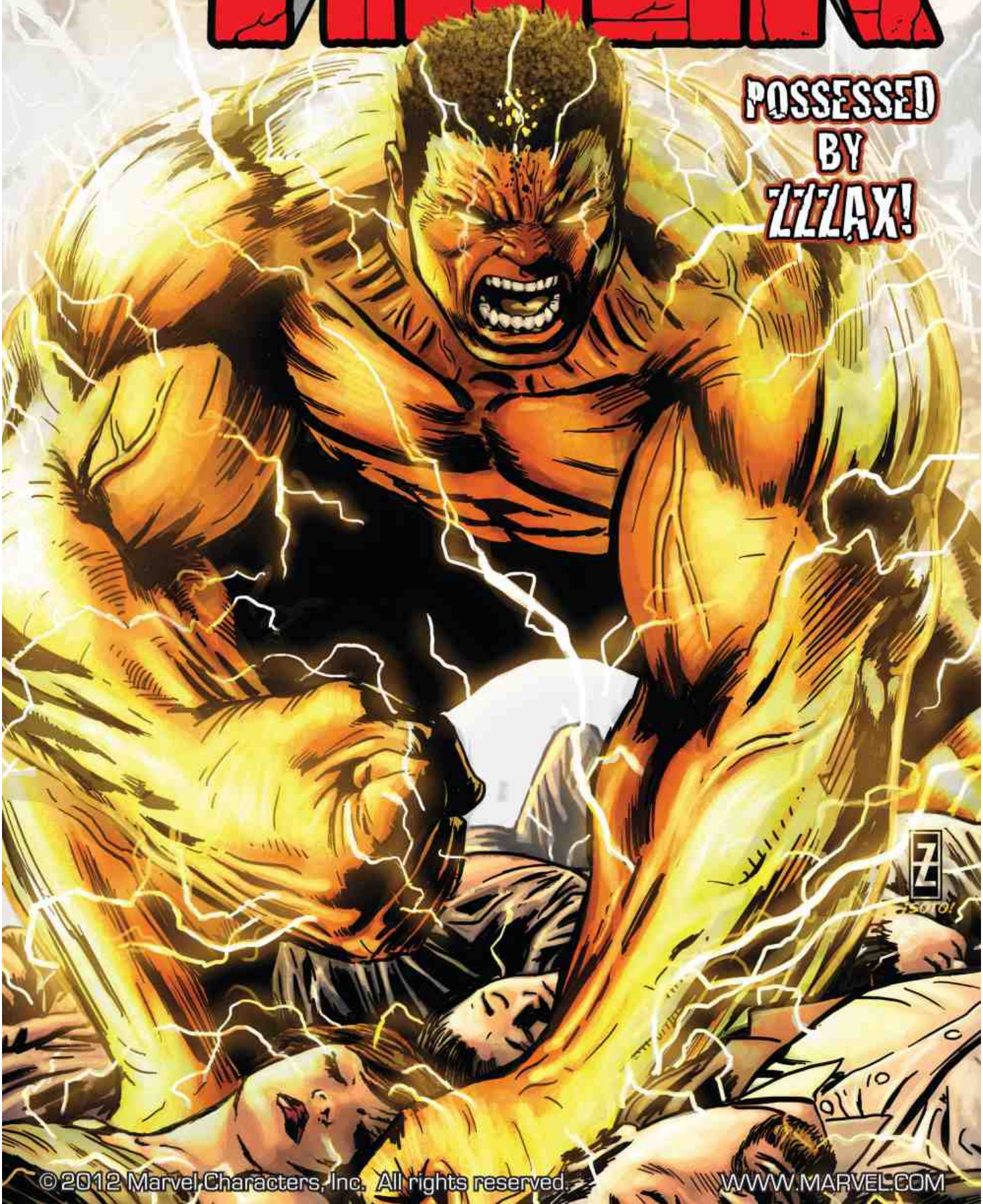
MARVEL

36

PARKER
ZIRCHER
CHARALAMPIDIS

HULK

POSSESSED BY ZZZAX!



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While working for redemption under the guidance of Steve Rogers and his former nemesis Bruce Banner, the Red Hulk has had to smash a lot of things.

A comet.

Monsters.

Alien overlords.

A tornado.

And a giant container full of potential M.O.D.O.K. brains.

Unfortunately, many threats remain, including some enemies previously believed destroyed...

FRESH KILLS LANDFILL, STATEN ISLAND.
ONE WEEK AGO.
YOU SAY YOU HAVE MORE ITEMS LIKE THIS?
YES-- WELL, MOSTLY MUNITIONS.
WE HAVE SOME VERY ADVANCED WEAPONRY YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN.
OH, I DON'T THINK SO. I CAN MANUFACTURE ANY WEAPON I IMAGINE.
BUT THIS IS UNIQUE. YOU ABSCONDED WITH IT WHEN THE AGENCY H.A.M.M.E.R. WAS SHUT DOWN?
UH...
PLEASE. IT ISN'T AS IF I'M GOING TO ARREST YOU. JUST SIMPLE DEDUCTION.
WHEN H.A.M.M.E.R. WAS FORMED THEY TOOK EVERYTHING FORMERLY HELD BY S.H.I.E.L.D. THEN THE GOVERNMENT RECLAIMED MOST OF IT.
OF COURSE, SOME GEAR WENT MISSING, ONLY TO RESURFACE ON THE BLACK MARKET THANKS TO GENTLEMEN LIKE YOU.
I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU HAD MUCH DEMAND FOR THIS, BUT HERE IS YOUR ASKING PRICE.
I DON'T LIKE TO HAGGLE, YOU SEE.
TH-THANKS.
AN INTERESTING CREATION THAT I FEEL NEVER LIVED UP TO ITS POTENTIAL.
IS IT TRULY ALIVE?
WHO CAN SAY?

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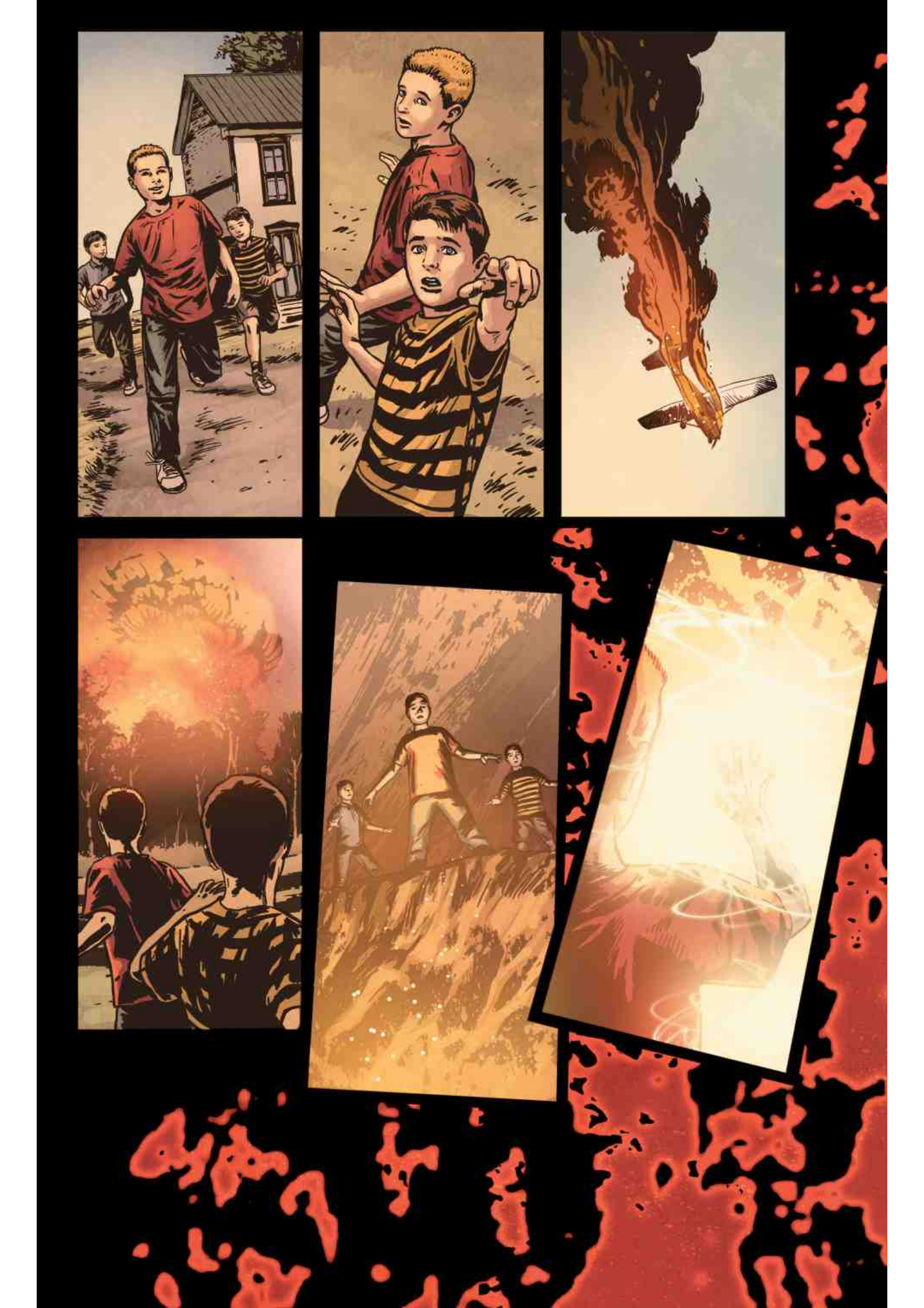
WELL, I'M BEING MODEST, REALLY. I CAN SAY, OBVIOUSLY.
I'M THE NEXT-LEVEL INCARNATION OF THE ENTITY KNOWN AS M.O.D.O.K., AFTER ALL.
YOU'LL EXCUSE ME FOR NOT BEING MORE FORTHRIGHT ABOUT MY IDENTITY DURING OUR COMMUNICATIONS.
YES... SIR.
SHOCK TO THE SYSTEM
JEFF PARKER WRITER
PATCH ZIRCHER ARTIST
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS COLORIST
ED DUKESHIRE LETTERER
IRENE Y. LEE PRODUCTION
JAKE THOMAS ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARK PANICCIA EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA CH. CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER
IT'S REAL MONEY!
HE DIDN'T KILL US!
YOU HAVE THE NUMBER TO LEAVE ME MESSAGES.
CLICK
LET ME KNOW IF ANYTHING ELSE INTERESTING COMES AVAILABLE.
WE WILL, YES.



SLEEPING IS OVERRATED.
BOOP-BOOP
"THIS IS THE ONE--YOU'RE SURE?"

COOVER RIDGE ELECTRIC WIND FIELD, IOWA.
14 HOURS LATER.
YEAH. FIFTH TIME'S THE CHARM, ANNIE.
AND NOW WE'VE KILLED THE WHOLE DAY. THIS IS PROBABLY NOTHING.
A FEW TOO MANY HITS TO THE HEAD.
MY JOB IS TO KEEP ON TOP OF ALL THINGS RED HULK, ROSS.
IF YOU'RE EXPERIENCING VISIONS, ANYTHING OUT OF THE NORMAL, I NEED TO INVESTIGATE THAT. THOSE IMAGES YOU SAW DIDN'T SOUND LIKE THEY WERE PART OF YOUR DREAM.
LIKE ANYTHING ABOUT ME IS NORMAL ANYMORE.
THIS IS THE PLACE, BUT... I DON'T KNOW HOW I KNOW.
LOOKS LIKE THE SAME KIND OF TURBINES AT THE PREVIOUS WIND FARMS.
BUT WITH WEIRD COLORS.
SOME-THING'S UP--
--LOOK DOWN AT 10 O'CLOCK!
GOING FOR A LANDING CLOSE BY!
KEEP THE COPTER CLEAR OF THE WRECK...

I'LL GO IN CLOSE!
HELLO!
CAN ANYONE RESPOND?!
ANYONE HEAR ME?
DEAD.
ALL OF THEM.
NO BULLET WOUNDS. I DON'T SMELL ANY GAS.
THEY ALL LOOK LIKE THEY WERE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THE BUS AND RUN BEFORE WHATEVER IT WAS GOT THEM.
UNGH--! IT'S...IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!
--RRRRROSSSZZZZ--

WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU SEEING?
NOTHING THAT TIME, ANNIE, I JUST HEARD SOME VOICE.
I'M FOLLOWING THE BO--
=ZZZKKSSS=-
WHAT'S THAT?
I'M LOSING YOU, COME IN.
MMF--
I WASN'T AWARE MR. ROSS HAD A FRIEND. PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
HE'S ABOUT TO DISCOVER A NEW PROJECT OF MINE.

DAMN! AREN'T THERE ANY SURVIVORS?
ANNIE, ARE YOU THERE? ANNIE?
I'LL CHECK BACK IN A SECOND...
...SOMETHING OVER HERE IS PUTTING OUT A STRANGE GLOW!
YOU!!!
--SSZZXHXHHZZZKKK---
"IT WAS CREATED BY A CHAIN REACTION THAT PULLED IN THE BIOELECTRIC FIELDS OF THE MEN WHO CAUSED IT.
"IT APPROXIMATES INDEPENDENT THOUGHT. ITS ONLY IMPULSE IS TO FEED OFF ELECTRICAL SOURCES--BIO OR GENERATED AND SURVIVE."

NOT LIKE IT HAS A PROPER THROAT, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO DISCERN THE WORD IT USES TO REFER TO ITSELF.
IT SOUNDS LIKE ZZZAX-- WE CALL IT THAT.
FOR THE MOMENT WE HAVE THE ENTITY CONTAINED, GENERAL ROSS.
CAN WE USE IT... AGAINST THE HULK?
WE HAVE AN IDEA YOU MIGHT LIKE.
THIS LONGWAVE BROADCASTER WILL LET YOUR OWN CEREBRAL FIELD OPERATE INSIDE ZZZAX.
YOURS WILL BE THE DOMINANT MIND.
LET US TAKE OUT BANNER, SIR...I THINK THIS IS TOO RISKY.
WHAT IF YOU LOST THE ABILITY TO RETURN TO YOUR OWN--
THANK YOU, MAJOR FORTEAN, BUT I'M DOING THIS, NO MATTER WHAT.
THIS MAY BE OUR BEST CHANCE TO STOP THAT GIANT.
AND THERE'S NO NEED TO RISK MY MEN. I CAN DO THIS.
GENERAL, IT WILL FEEL LIKE YOU'RE SLIDING INTO HIS PERSPECTIVE.
RELAX.
LET IT HAPPEN.
THIS IS IT, HULK!
NOW I HAVE ENOUGH POWER TO TAKE YOU DOWN ONCE AND FOR ALL!

LET THEM GO, ZZZAX.
ZZZRRRSSZZK
WHAT--
ZZTKKRAAK
RAAHHRR!
CU-U-UTTE-- TRRRRICK-- FREEAAK--

--BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF POWER TO FRY ME.
WZZHMMM
--ZZZ-MMORE POWERR.
...ZZXX... UNDERSTOOD.
..SZZKXZZZ-- I WILL USE--
--MORE POWER... ZZZKKZZ--
NEED TO GO BACK TO SHUTTING MY MOUTH DURING A FIGHT.

SHREEKWHAAM
KSHOOOM
ZZKKSSH
ZZZAAAMM
--YOU WEREN'T THIS EFFECTIVE--
--WHEN I WAS TRYING TO CATCH BANNER!

CAN'T EVEN...
...ABSORB YOUR...
ZZZZKKKZZZZENN--
...NNEERRGGYY....
...SEEING... MYSELF?
WHY... AM I...
RRRROSSSZZ.

GRAB HIM, ZZZAX.
NEVER GIVE THAT ONE TIME TO THINK, HE ACTUALLY CAN.
NNHHRR... WHO...
IT CAN'T BE.
YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, MR. ROSS.
M.O.D.O.K.
I AM ALSO SURPRISED.
I ASSUMED YOU HAD TRACKED ME HERE. NOW I REALIZE WE HAD A SHARED INTEREST IN THE CREATURE CALLED ZZZAX.
MY PREVIOUS INCARNATION WOULD NEVER ADMIT TO SUCH IGNORANCE, BUT I DON'T HAVE THAT HUBRIS. I CONFESS I WAS UNAWARE OF YOUR OWN HISTORY WITH ZZZAX UNTIL JUST NOW.
IT SEEMS YOU WERE ALWAYS ON THE HUNT FOR HULK-LEVEL POWER.
AND WHO FINALLY GRANTED IT TO YOU?

TARLETON IS STILL LOCKED AWAY, YOU MUST BE A CLONE.
BUT I THOUGHT I FED ALL YOUR SPARE BRAINS TO MONSTERS.*
THERE WAS ONE SET ASIDE, DESTINED TO BECOME THE BEING YOU SEE NOW.
ADMIT IT. YOU MISSED ME.
*HULK 29—Mark-dok
YOU WOULD LIKELY HAVE DEFEATED BANNER WITH ZZZAX AS I HAVE NOW IMPROVED HIM.
HE ONLY NEEDED MORE BRAINWAVE STRUCTURE. HE INSTINCTIVELY CONTAINS AND FEEDS ON CEREBRAL ELECTRICAL TRANSMISSION, AS WELL AS RAW ELECTRICITY.
BUT IT WORKS BEST IF HE TAKES ALL A BRAIN OFFERS HIM.
I HAVE A NATURAL GIFT FOR MENTAL PRODDING, AS YOU KNOW.
WHAT DO YOU WANT, A PRIZE?
I WOULDN'T DISMISS THAT. OR MAYBE...
...A RETURN TO A FORMER WORKING ARRANGEMENT.
ZZZAX WAS TO BE THE FIRST OF A NEW ARSENAL FOR MY FUTURE PLANS, BUT THERE'S NO REASON HE CAN'T BE AT YOUR DISPOSAL AS WELL.
IMAGINE THE VENGEANCE YOU CAN BRING TO BANNER WITH HIM AT YOUR SIDE.
YOU WANT...THE ALLIANCE RE-FORMED.
I AM ANOTHER STEP BEYOND THE M.O.D.O.K. YOU WORKED WITH BEFORE.
YOU SEE HOW I HAVE UPGRADED HIM—THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

M.O.D.O.K... YOU MAY HAVE COOL NEW HARDWARE...
...AND THE BIGGEST BRAIN ON THE PLANET...
...BUT YOU'RE STILL AN IDIOT.
I WOULD CHOOSE MY WORDS MORE CAREFULLY.
REMEMBER I SAID I NOW KNOW ABOUT YOUR HISTORY WITH ZZZAX? I HEARD IT FROM THE MEMORY BANKS OF THIS UNIT.
ANNIE!
...
ROSS, YOU'VE CHANGED. THE RED HULK I KNEW WOULD NEVER SHOW HIS HAND LIKE THAT.
WHAT IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS LIFE MODEL DECOY? IT'S JUST ONE OF THE 900 SERIES FROM S.H.I.E.L.D. THAT I OVERCODED. IT APPEARS BANNER UNDID MY FORMATTING, WHICH IS A SHAME.
DOES THIS UNIT HAVE SOME PARTICULAR PROTOCOL FOR YOU?
MY SCANS OF HER NEURAL NET SHOWED NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY...
HAVE YOU INSCRIBED CRUCIAL DATA ON HER SOMEWHERE?
NHHA--

EEAAAHH!!!
ZZTTKRAAKKZZ
RELEASE MEEE--
--LET IT HAPPEN, GENERAL...SLIDE INTO THE BEING'S MINDSPACE LIKE YOU'RE DROPPING INTO WATER...
...NOW STEP FORWARD. MOVE YOUR ARMS--

--SSSTORAGE CELLS-- CCCONNNTAINMENT FIELDDD---
--CCCONTAINED--
AHHK!!!
APP-PEARSS I HAVE... WORK TO D-DO...
--YET.
WE'LL TALK AGAIN SOON, ROSS.
WHAT...
...JUST HAPPENED?
"IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN EASY TO CONCENTRATE LIKE THAT WHILE THE THING WAS ELECTROCUTING YOU!"

IMAGINE HOW SHOCKED HE WAS TO HAVE MIND CONTROL PULLED ON *HIM* FOR A CHANGE.
YOU CAN BET HE'LL *FIX* THAT LOOPHOLE. I WON'T BE ABLE TO EXPLOIT THAT CONNECTION AGAIN.
BUT YEAH...
...IT WAS ALMOST WORTH BEING FRIED TO SEE THAT LOOK ON HIS BIG FACE.
IT WASN'T WORTH HIM HANDLING YOU LIKE A TOOL.
WHAT? OH, I'M FINE!
NO, YOU'RE NOT. NEITHER AM I.
M.O.D.O.K. IS A *KILLER.* NOW HE'S NOT JUST GOOD AT IT...HE ENJOYS IT.

AND HE *NEVER* FORGETS.
NEXT: FEAR ITSELF!

NEXT

GET UP OFF OF THAT DEI-THING!

HULK #37

GET THESE!

THUNDERBOLTS #160

INCREDIBLE HULKS #632

ALPHA FLIGHT #2

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HULK GOODBYE written by **AUDREY LOEB** illustrated by **DARIO BRIZUELA**

"GOODBYE EVERYONE! THANK YOU CHRIS AND DARIO FOR ALL YOUR WORK!"–AUDREY

JACOB THOMAS - EDITOR **AXEL ALONSO** - EDITOR IN CHIEF **JOE QUESADA** - CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER **DAN BUCKLEY** - PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** - EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

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